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JOHN BULL

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[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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("JOHN BULL," July 31, 1909.)

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JOHN BULL.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Stripped of all party prejudice, the result of the General Election is easily stated. There are nearly four hundred members against the Lords to nearly three hundred for them; and there are a little over three hundred and fifty against the Budget to a little over three hundred for it. Or, stated in terms of votes recorded, there are about three and a half millions against the Lords to a little over three millions for them; and about three and a quarter millions against the Budget to three million four hundred thousand for it. The "mandate"—tested by the House of Commons result—is that the Budget must be amended by the deletion of the new Spirit tax and License duties; whilst, tested by votes at the polls, it is that it should be left as it is.

The practical effect is a session of compromise and mutual concession—and another General Election in a few months' time. Mr. Asquith will be highly tried as a leader, and he may well take a trip abroad to think it quietly over. In another column we venture to offer him a few suggestions.

We observe that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill have also gone abroad—together—to think out how they can best assist the Government.

One of the first acts of the Government, when Parliament meets, will be to pass a short Act creating the two additional judgeships recommended by the recent Committee. Meanwhile, Mr. Rufus Isaacs is busy clearing up his private work.

There is a great scramble for the Home Secretaryship. Robson, Burns and Samuel are all after it, and although at the moment nothing is decided, a fairly safe rule in Party Politics is—when in doubt, back the lawyer.

Mr. Churchill is tired of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Haldane is tired of political office. *Verb. sap.*

In response to our offer of a reward for information leading to the discovery of the parties really responsible for the circulation, on the eve of the South Hackney poll, of that "manifesto" by a bogus "Liberal and Labour Protest Committee," we have received some exceedingly interesting particulars—as to which, more anon. The thing was very clumsily done.

Any connection between the new comet and the Paris floods? And what price England when Halley's arrives?

A hint to the South Eastern and Chatham Company: Run a corridor *supper* train from Folkestone in connection with the four o'clock service from Paris to London.

For over ten years, "others" have been collecting the rents of property belonging to the Grimsby Corporation. The leases expired in 1899, but the Corporation have only recently found out the fact. Oh! for that Business Government!

It would be interesting to know who was responsible for the forgery of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's name to all those letters which appeared during the General Election.

We have received a long letter, with various enclosures, from the Rev. Lewis D. Thomas, of St. John's Vicarage, Plumstead, in reference to that abortive *Te Deum* for "the Deliverance of Woolwich and Plumstead from Socialism." We are assured that the special service was to have no direct reference to the defeat of Mr. Crooks, and that it related exclusively to certain local anti-Sabbatarian demonstrations. We are very desirous of doing justice to the reverend gentleman, but where does the "Deliverance" come in?

An instructive illustration of the danger of stirring up the latent fanaticism of the Celtic character is to be found in the shameful conduct of some of Mr. Lloyd George's supporters after the declaration of his poll. Taking the *Daily News* as our authority, we find that an excited crowd went round compelling every hotel to put out its lights and close its doors, shouting "Close the house, or we will rush it. Put out your lights or we will break your windows!" This form of anarchy was justified on the ground "They threw out the Licensing Bill—let us pass a new one for Carnarvon. They refused us Local Option—let us have Compulsory Closing instead." We hope the Chancellor of the Exchequer is proud of his supporters. Our own view is that they should be placed under restraint.

We never anticipated that the Liberals would get much visible, or even invisible gratitude out of the counties for old-age pensions. As a countryman told a friend of ours, who sought his suffrages in the South, "I've 'eeard they be very good things, mister, but Bill ower theere at Cross Farm 'e wor a'most deead afore they telled 'e it wor fur 'e, an' 'e wor deead afore they gied it to 'e."

It is worthy of note that some of the Tories are whispering to one another in a rather timid and tentative way that after all there is something in getting the Irish question settled and out of the British Parliament, that a great deal of unreasonable prejudice has been imported into it, that an Irish Parliament cannot be so very dangerous if you preserve the supremacy of the British Parliament in Imperial affairs, and that the Liberals can as easily be turned out of office as they can be kept in with the aid of the Irish vote. Of these whispers we will say no more than that queer things do sometimes happen in party politics.

Railway booking-clerks will be seriously interested in the experiment, about to be tried at the Snow Hill Station in Birmingham, by the Great Western Railway, of setting up a ticket printing and recording machine. It is claimed that this machine will print 3,000 different tickets, and that one will do the work of several booking-clerks. If so, they have our sympathy.

Accounts of the doings and sayings of our spiritual guides in this Election continue to reach us. The Rev. Mr. Keehler, a Nonconformist minister, said at a political meeting at Skipdham, in Norfolk, that "the Liberal party belonged to the Lord and the Conservatives belonged to the devil, and were full of wickedness." Mrs. Tom Wing, as we have already mentioned, wife of the victor of Grimsby, said at a Men's Sunday Society at which the new member was present, "I do think we ought to lift up our hearts in gratitude to our Father to-day, because it is His work more than it has been ours." Greatly sorrowing over the rejection of Mr. Leif Jones in North Westmorland, a leading paper of the county said the defeat was but history repeating itself; "the Pharisees and their friends asked for Barabbas and rejected the Christ." Mr. Ure, K.C., the Lord Advocate, was the principal speaker at a Sunderland meeting, when a rev. gentleman named Pughe, in the course of an impassioned speech, said, "I ask you to give your vote in this Election for Jesus Christ." Surely this sort of thing, from whatever side it comes—and it has come from both—is debasing rather than uplifting. It is the profanation, desecration, and defilement of religion.

"A Resident" complains that Southport is a place which wants waking up. He says excursionists cannot even obtain a glass of milk, a bun, or a cup of tea in the parks on Sundays, with the result that they have to go into the public-houses. Sunday boating is strictly forbidden on the Marine Lake. The Botanical Gardens are closed, and the Corporation do not run their trams. Though the unco guid run the town pretty much as they please, it has been stated from one of the local pulpits that only 20 per cent. of the population enter places of worship, so that there must be twenty-five thousand empty seats in the churches every Sunday. Yet the streets of the town were recently turned into an almost impassable quagmire for several days because, as explained in the Council, a heavy fall of snow was not removed on a Sunday "for fear of offending the susceptibilities of a certain number of people who go to Church regularly." We wonder Southport tolerates so much saintly humbug!

Patrons of the London circulating libraries should be gratified to learn that they may borrow all books printed and published by permission of the police, as usual. We believe the Circulating Libraries' Association did at first contemplate the guardianship of morals by refusing to stock books which did not meet with the approval of their censor. This gentleman was to decree what subscribers should and should not read. If he did not approve of a book the Association was to assume that their subscribers would not approve of it, and thus an end. It seems that this programme is to be modified. Books not approved by the censor are to be collected on shelves marked "To be asked for"; the others will go out for family reading, warranted pure. This simplifies matters; and we now have distant vision of languorous young ladies and *blasées* young matrons in doubt about their literary sustenance clamouring for "something off those shelves."

A correspondent writes from Canada complaining that he cannot get land. He says: "A workman's lot here is no 'snap'; it is a tough life, as an Englishman out here is kind of looked down on or sat on. Canada did a good favour for her soldiers. On returning home, she gave them 320 acres of land; also some of them have homesteads as well. That is a good example. Now we poor, penniless old veterans are roaming with our beds on our backs or a roll of blankets, asking for a job from one district to another." Intending emigrants, beware!

The Manchester Stipendiary took a humane view of the offence of a man named Murphy, charged with stealing shirting. "A hungry belly has no conscience." Murphy's home was broken up through unemployment, his wife was in a delicate condition, he had no money for the doctor, look where he would he could not get work; and desperate, broken, with his hope gone and his spirit crushed, he stole. Though he had never been in court before, though the firm prosecuting him appealed for leniency, our readers know sufficient of the magistracy of this country to know that probably in the majority of courts these things would have been unavailing to save him from imprisonment and hard labour in the common gaol. Happily, the Manchester magistrate saw his duty through eyes of mercy, and gave the man another chance. We congratulate him. It shall count to him for righteousness.

We note that the Kill-joys are on the war-path in Bath. It seems that Sunday entertainments are given at the local theatre, and that the Sabbatarians, supported by certain members of the Town Council, are doing their utmost to influence the magistrates not to renew the licence. It is admitted, even by the clergymen and ministers who largely composed the deputation to the Council, that the entertainment is unobjectionable. It consists in the exhibition of cinematograph pictures, many of them educational, and some of them even Scriptural. It is held after the churches and chapels have concluded their services, and no intoxicants are sold on the premises, so that it is difficult to account for the opposition except on the score of that kind of crankism and intolerance which seeks to make the British Sunday the most dismal day in the week. As Alderman Phillips, J.P., ex-Mayor of the town, pointed out in the Council, it was better that the people should see these pictures than spend their whole time in the public-houses, notwithstanding that they are excellently conducted. But we take the broader ground that whatever is innocent is good, that whatever is good is useful, and that what is good for the community on Monday cannot be harmful on Sunday. We trust the Bath magistrates will pay no heed whatever to the clamour of these fanatics and bigots.

Austria certainly remains a remarkably mediæval country. A poor woman has recently been sent to prison in Vienna for the terrible crime of "insulting the saints." If she had done this deliberately, we could have understood the desire to restrain her. But she acted in all innocence, and we do not see that, even if the saints required to be protected against discourteous treatment, they would have had much reason to complain. She keeps a small grocery store in Cracow, and recently purchased a quantity of waste paper for wrapping up purchases. Unfortunately some of the paper contained pictures of saints, and it was held to be irreligious behaviour to use it for wrapping up eatables. Accordingly, she was shut up for seven days, and, no doubt with a view to instructing her in the proper treatment of provisions, she was also punished with a compulsory fast of twenty-four hours. We really think that the authorities of the Church would have been well advised if they had interceded on her behalf. It was not as though she had any intention of annoying anybody. However, she may thank her stars that she is not living in Spain.

It is a pity that Mr. J. H. Chesshire, J.P., one of the West Bromwich magistrates, cannot distinguish between a court of justice and an ecclesiastical inquiry. When the Rev. J. W. Cornwell, vicar of a church in the town, applied for a licence to perform a stage play in the Town Hall for the purpose of raising building funds, Mr. Chesshire commenced to pepper the parson with questions as to whether he taught the doctrine of the Real Presence and other "Romish doctrines" in his church. Will Mr. Chesshire please understand that an application for a stage licence isn't a proper occasion for, nor a police-court a proper place for, cross-examining a parson on his High Church, Broad Church, or Low Church proclivities? Knows he not his Ecclesiastes—"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose"?

Far be it from us to defend the practice of stealing anything—even pheasants. But we venture to hint that the sentence of twelve months' hard labour passed upon Frederick Joiner at the Bucks Quarter Sessions for annexing eleven "tame pheasants" was pretty stiff. As the pheasants were "the property of a person unknown," we may assume that the person in question had so many pheasants that the loss of the eleven went unnoticed. We observe that the prisoner is described as "a pheasant breeder"; and there may, of course, be something behind the charge which is not recorded. But, on the face of it, twelve months hard looks a bit excessive, especially as at the same sitting an armed poacher who used violence towards gamekeepers was given the same dose.

We are not deeply concerned as to whether the earth is round or flat, or a bit each way as it were. So long as it continues to lie down or go on turning, and generally behave itself, the Flat Earthites and the Globers may squabble about it to their hearts' content. But if they want us to take them even a little bit seriously, the Blount brigade must really conduct the case on different lines. So far as we can make out, the chief spokesman (who is a woman) of the party relies upon Job for her proof; she goes so far as to say that Job "proves his inspiration" by describing the non-existent North Pole as "desolation, with the Northern Heavens spread over it." For ourselves, we are prepared to accept Job as an authority on patience, or ashpits, but we would as soon listen to Cook, or Peary, or even Shackleton or Lady Blount, on Polar topics.

A new table game is advertised with the attraction that "it has no stringent rules attached to it." Almost as good as politics.

Another philosopher has discovered that loafing is only a disease. He has given it the delightful name of "fugue dromomaniaque," and pithily describes a "fugue" as an "impulsive desertion of the domicile, either with or without conservation of consciousness and memory." We suppose that he would attribute the habits of gypsies and Arabs and other nomads to heredity, but we do not quite see why a very harmless and pleasant mode of life should be regarded in the light of a malady at all. A malady, according to Dr. Johnson, is a disorder of the body, and there is nothing particularly disorderly in preferring the open-air and the forests and the mountains and the deserts to the confinement and pestilent atmosphere of cities. The modern spirit of hustling, however, more especially as imported from the other side of the Atlantic and exhibited in certain yellow papers of the baser sort, does deserve to be qualified as a "fugue dromomaniaque," which is almost as expressive in its way as a terminological inexactitude.

Some time ago an Anti-Kissing League was talked about—but we cannot remember that it was ever started. There are several in America; and now one has been inaugurated in Brussels. If it leads to a little clearing up of the much-kissed beauties of the Boulevard Anspach it will not have been formed in vain. A West London branch, with depots in Shaftesbury Avenue and Tottenham Court Road, also might have its uses. But the Anti-Kissing League seems to be up against the uncommercial kiss; and we cannot support it. Perhaps, as the promoters say, kissing is "only a development from the ancient practice of biting one another." But it is a very agreeable development.

Matters are coming to a pretty pass when we go in danger of being poisoned by our Christmas dinner, that wondrous meal with which we celebrate the birth of an ascetic religion. Yet this fate was narrowly escaped apparently by at least nineteen respectable families in the Borough of Paddington. The local meat inspector was assailed by a very birdy smell; and following the scent, came upon nineteen turkeys in a state of putrefaction. He applied for a magistrate's order to destroy them; and presumably they were destroyed. The birds were discovered "at a large West End provision dealer's shop"—so says the Press report; and we agree with one of our readers who has dropped us a line on the matter that the name of the dealer ought to have been given. If Mr. Bill Jones drinks too much beer at Christmas, and hits a policeman, or Mrs. Bill Jones obstructs the traffic whilst selling penny toys, we hear about them in due course. But the big firm ready to dispose of £20 worth of bad flesh is merely "Anon.," of the West End.

Army Reservists are declaring they will not respond to the country's call should war break out, unless Mr. Haldane finds them work at once. This reminds us that one of the duties of the County Territorial Associations was to take over the care of the old soldier, but up to the present we have not heard of a single instance where the duty has even been attempted. There is a lurking suspicion that the War Secretary tacked these words on to his scheme with his tongue in his cheek. No financial provision was made in the Bill, and no special machinery was devised for the work. and not unnaturally the whole idea is a dead letter, The Army Council solved the matter in September, 1908, by instructing the various chaplains to see that the interests of the ex-soldier discharged to the Reserve were not allowed to suffer! The military authorities shifted the burden on to the poor chaplains, and Parliament cheerfully passed it on to the County Associations, so that if the old soldier is starving he cannot say it is because nobody has thought about him.

Apropos our recent paragraph respecting the difficulty of locating private graves, owing to inadequate records, a Kensington reader tells us that her brother died on October 18th last, his wife having died three weeks previously and been buried in Brompton Cemetery, in what was supposed to be the private family grave; but when they came to bury the brother it was discovered that his wife had been placed in somebody else's grave, with the result that the funeral had to be postponed for two days to allow time for the wife's body to be moved. What say the authorities?

One delightful thing about the elections has been that almost everybody of whatever party has been delighted all through. Tory crowds have cheered themselves hoarse in the streets and squares while an insufficient number of seats were being wrested from their enemy. Meanwhile, the young lions of the National Liberal Club were roaring with delight over the retention of more constituencies than they expected. Nor was this widespread satisfaction confined to the ignorant rabble. We found also Mr. Asquith rubbing his hands, Mr. Chamberlain throwing up his nightcap, Mr. Lloyd George dancing with glee, Mr. Balfour wriggling with delight, Mr. Crooks looking forward to leisure, and all the expert political meteorologists jumping for joy. Evidently everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

A correspondent sends us some useful information in reply to an ex-soldier who wants to commute his pension. It appears that a pensioner may commute at the age of fifty-five, if he wants to proceed to the Colonies, or if he can prove that commutation would be to his permanent advantage. But he must leave a shilling a day untouched. Full instructions can be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Here is a concrete instance. A man of forty, whose pension is 1s. 8d. a day, wants to commute 8d.—say £12 3s. a year. The scale at his age is, roughly, £10 for each pound commuted. Thus, £12 3s. multiplied by 10 equals £121 10s. We certainly wonder that more pensioners do not avail themselves of this opportunity of securing a sum of money sufficient to give them a good start, more particularly as the pension dies with them.

Walford Bodie is certainly an original type of man. All his life his one craze seems to have been to obtain notoriety. That is, perhaps, not unusual, but his autobiographical revelations in a popular magazine are phenomenally frank. One day he was rowing about in Aberdeen harbour with a friend and thought to himself: "I *must* get the newspapers to talk about me, and, by Jove, I *will*." So he deliberately upset the boat and triumphantly dragged his companion ashore amid the huzzahs of the crowd. Leaving others to apply restoratives to his victim, he rushed to the telephone office, rang up an Aberdeen newspaper, and gave a glowing account of the incident. He tells us that when he saw the headline: "Gallant Rescue by Young Walford Bodie," and a column of picturesque narrative next day, he felt that he was famous. Much good it has done him.

Although it may be quite true, as some declare, that Labour exchanges will not "create employment," they certainly should facilitate the getting of available jobs—which is the next best thing to making them. The figures just out for the Prussian Exchanges suggest a large degree of usefulness. Last year they registered nearly 700,000 "situations open," and over 800,000 "situations wanted," and they filled nearly half a million posts. The system to be adopted here ought to save thousands of poor fellows the heartbreaking tramp for work, or the hardly less depressing task of answering advertisements (many of them bogus) at the cost of postage-stamps that can be ill-spared.

We do not suggest that our own juries never make mistakes, but here is a typical French trial—that of a middle-aged woman in Paris the other day. She had been the mistress of a French Chancellor of the Exchequer for a long time and had made his life intolerable by the violence of her temper. One fine day he met someone he liked better and decided to make a change in his establishment. Then the discarded lady proceeded to annoy him, and his new love. She invaded their privacy, and insulted them in the public streets with all the scandal which a Frenchwoman can devise. At last the man died, but her resentment did not abate. She lurked about until she saw her hated rival walking in the country with an old lady. Then she sprang out upon them and fired five shots from a revolver, wounding her rival slightly and the old lady very seriously. When she was brought into court, the prisoner gloried in her crime and frankly admitted premeditation. Her only regret, she said, was that she did not succeed in killing her rival. Thereupon the jury brought in a verdict of guilty in respect of attempted murder, but acquitted her of the premeditation she had confessed, and even alleged extenuating circumstances. It is true that a sentence of five years' imprisonment was passed, but the jury then signed a recommendation to mercy. Have we more commonsense than our neighbours?

The *World* has an instructive article called "Mr. Balfour and the Tariff: A Study of the Negative Temperament." The writer begins by pointing out that there is "a certain flabbiness about him," "a lack of enthusiasm," "a preference, in a word, for Opposition over office." If the first two characteristics are based on no surer foundation than the third, we are not disposed to attach much weight to the analysis. But we think it was very unkind of the sub-editor to place, as an epilogue to the appreciation, an advertisement of "a new hair tint which colours a beautiful blonde, brown, or black." A tint capable of supplying such a beautiful variety of shades is certainly significant. Why not call it "the Party Politician's Hair Wash"?

The way in which other editors run their papers is the affair of their readers and themselves perhaps more than of ourselves. At the same time, we think that many working men may resent the heading to an item in the *Labour Leader*, dealing with the singing of the National Anthem at Sneyd Church, Burslem, during the General Election. "Salvage of King Ned" is the rubric in question. When the Labour Party really ceases to sing "God Save the King"—then God save the Labour Party.

These scientific experts are amusing now and then. Some time ago one of them advised us to risk being stung to death by bees, so that we might not notice that we were suffering from rheumatism. Now another of them wishes us to believe that we may cure consumption by swallowing snake venom, mixed with a distillation of beechwood, "something like carbolic acid." For ourselves, should need arise, we shall stick to the fresh air cure, relieved by stout and oysters—with a dash of champagne when it will run to it!

Apropos our recent article on the *Waratah* mystery, a reader directs out attention to the following advertisement in a London paper:

> Dreams.—Correspondence desired with residents in London whose semi-waking dreams relate to coming events.—Remuneration, etc.

Apart from the fact that "coming events" in this connection is open to many constructions, the offer of "remuneration" arouses our interest. It seems to suggest a possible cure for unemployment for the imaginative gentlemen who, during the past month, have been engaged in drafting election posters.

We have been doing the Earth an injustice. Our forefathers erred in the direction of attributing to her extreme youth—they thought she was not more than five or six thousand years old at the most. We have now rushed to the other extreme, and have given the lady credit for something like 200,000,000. Now a Yankee scientist has put the matter right, once for all. The Earth, he says, is "almost exactly" 60,000,000 years of age. The proof of this fact, it seems, is procurable "in Arizona and Utah," where the mining experts come from and the Mormons go. What could be more conclusive? And "almost exactly" is a precious phrase.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

"During the election, I was canvassing a poor district, where almost everything is bought upon the hire or tally system. Most of the families are in arrear with one or other of their payments, and it is a matter of difficulty for a black-coated stranger to find anybody 'at home.' At one house, meeting with the usual story that 'mother is out, and father too,' I espied the lady of the establishment peeping at me from a back door, and, making myself known, I observed by way of putting her at her ease: 'I suppose you thought I had called about the rent, or the sewing-machine?' 'No, sir,' she replied, 'to tell you the truth, *I thought you was the mangle!*'"—From "Bottomley's Book."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, PLUMSTEAD, WHO INVITED HIS PARISHIONERS TO CELEBRATE THE "TIMELY DELIVERANCE OF WOOLWICH FROM THE HANDS OF THE SOCIALISTS AND SABBATH-BREAKERS" BY JOINING IN A SPECIAL THANKSGIVING SERVICE TO "ALMIGHTY GOD" AND SINGING THE TE DEUM.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!
OLD WOMEN.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.
WEDDINGS.—No biscuits for bridegrooms wearing picture hats and crepe de chine. Why shouldn't they?

For announcing: "*Unionist candidate fired at.* STEAMER SUNK,"

THE EVENING STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Right Hon. Walter Long's bright speeches are delighting large audiences AT THE FORTHCOMING ELECTIONS,"

THE GLASGOW EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a woman created much amusement by standing up and addressing the crowd. FINDING THIS IMPOSSIBLE, *she used her fists,*"

THE LANCASHIRE DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Reliable CLERK *for sale,*"

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE SOUTH WALES ARGUS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a letter to the "Barrhead News" that "the insidious SNAKE *of Fair Trade should not wag the* CLOVEN HOOF *of protection in the air,*"

MR. JAMES MAXTON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Carl Rosa Company gave a series of operatic recitals, with full band and chorus, but NO COSTUMES *or scenery,*"

THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring to an actress as possessing "one of the cheeriest smiles you ever HEARD. *When you* HEAR *it, it makes you smile,*"

THE PELICAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Furniture for sale. No UNREASONABLE *offer refused,*"

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE WEST LONDON OBSERVER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating at the meeting of the Dunmanway Board of Guardians that "poor people want no fire OR CLOTHES *in the summer,*"

MR. P. O'SULLIVAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Young Lady (highly connected) whose HUSBAND *is at sea, would like to meet with another,*" *etc.*,

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE STANDARD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring on a notice board at Hampstead Heath Station to "Goats, poultry, AND OTHER SMALL QUADRUPEDS,"

THE L.N.W. RAILWAY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Mr. Young, Chairman of the Blyth Petty Sessions, as having said that "he desired to congratulate everyone connected with that court UPON THE DRUNKENNESS AT THE FESTIVE SEASON,"

THE MORPETH HERALD AND REPORTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the new 'Allefex' NOISE *machine demonstrated its capabilities, producing the whirr of machinery, the crash of guns, and* THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING,"

THE BOWES PARK WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IF I WERE MR. ASQUITH.

WHAT I WOULD DO IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

I would first ask Balfour to dinner. Then I would try and arrange a little meeting of the two of us and Lord Lansdowne with the King. Then I would accidentally run up against Redmond, and, dropping into the club with him for an Irish whisky and soda, who should happen to be there but Lloyd George! Then I think I would look round and ask one or two of the "leaders" of the Labour party to a quiet cup of tea and a chat.

To Balfour, I should say something of this sort:

"Now, look here, my dear fellow, the Party game is on its trial. We are both interested in keeping it going, but unless we are very careful, the Man-with-the-Vote will throw us over. The Lords, with your active sanction, referred the Budget to the country, and we referred *them*. The result of the election is an adverse verdict on the Budget, and, at the same time, an adverse verdict on the Lords. That is to say, the Irish—being Irish—are 'agin' both. They are 'agin' the Budget, because of the whisky tax and the license duties, and 'agin' the Lords because of Home Rule. On the land taxes, and everything else, they are with me. *But*—they *may* make a condition precedent to letting the Budget through even without the whisky tax and the license duties, and that condition—Home Rule—I am not yet quite ready to concede. Now, if I can get Lloyd George to delete these two items, and thus bring the Budget in accord with the expressed verdict of the country, *may I rely on your men*, and thus get rid of the present financial deadlock?"

To the King I should say: "Your Majesty will be delighted to hear that Mr. Balfour, with the patriotic instinct of his nature, has promised me his invaluable aid in getting the Budget—subject to the omission of the spirit tax and the new license duties—through the House of Commons, and we hope that Lord Lansdowne will convey to his friends in the Upper House the suggestion—in which we venture to hope your Majesty will concur—that, with the modifications I have mentioned, the financial proposals of the Government may now be passed into law."

To Redmond, I should say: "Now, my dear chap, let us talk commonsense. Here is Lloyd George, who—recognising that, with the exception of the Irish, the people are about equally divided upon the Budget, and that the Irish object to the new spirit and license burdens—is willing to drop these items, and thus give effect to the wishes of the electorate. I have seen Balfour and Lansdowne, and we have agreed that in that modified form the Finance Bill shall go through, so that I am not dependent on you for that; but I recognise that, for all other purposes, you are master of the situation. Now, what can I do for you? I want to be fair and just to your country. I know we have treated you badly in the past. But we have tried to make up for it a bit in recent years—haven't we? And I want to do more. I want, *so far as public opinion will support me*, to give effect to that strong sentiment of nationality which no Act of Parliament can ever eradicate from the Irish character. I want to put an end to the 'Irish question.' Under your leadership—with its dignity, its moderation, and its inflexible honesty—'Home Rule' has ceased to be the gospel of terrorism and ferocity and separatism. You have recalled the wild words which, in darker days and younger years, shot like flames of fire from your burning tongue. Let the past estrangement cease. I want to see Irishmen coming back from America instead of going there. I want to see the farms, the looms, the factories back to life. *But I cannot go in advance of public opinion.* Will you accept such a measure of Self-Government as I could give also to Scotland and to Wales—a local Parliament for local affairs, with a limited number of representatives in the Imperial assembly? If so, take it and God speed you. More I cannot offer—more Great Britain would not give. Think it over."

To the Labour "leaders," I would say: "Now look here, boys. I want you to help me, and I want to help you. Civilization rests on Government, and Government just now is in a bad way. Socialism is at present a dream. We must be practical. Labour must have a fair and unfettered representation, as every other interest in the community has. The law courts have deprived you of your well-earned wages. That shall be put right by the Payment of Members, and, in addition, we are going to devote our attention to cutting down waste and finding money for all sorts of social purposes. Give us a hand."

Having thus cleared the ground a bit, I should next arrange for a Joint Committee of the two Houses to consider the following questions: (1) How to make the House of Commons really representative of the people, and (2) How to make the House of Lords a real, responsible revising Chamber.

Then I should clear out of the Government some of the nonentities, and replace them by Business men.

And then I should draft a King's Speech in the following terms:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,—

The country having, subject to slight modifications, approved of the financial proposals of my Government (and my Ministers having accepted such modifications), I ask you now to give them legislative effect.

Questions having arisen between the two Houses of Parliament as to their respective powers and functions, I have requested my Government to appoint a Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons with the object of devising a scheme whereby the latter shall be made really representative of my people, and the former an effective revising Chamber.

With a view to removing the long-standing disaffection which has existed on the part of my Irish subjects with British rule, my Government is about to formulate proposals for delegating the management and control of purely Irish affairs to a local Parliament, subject to the veto of the Imperial authority. I heartily commend these proposals to the acceptance of Ireland, which, under a wiser and more generous policy than has prevailed in the past, will, I am assured, bring to it peace and prosperity, and become at last a happy and contented portion of my dominions.

WHILST THESE IMPORTANT MATTERS ARE UNDER CONSIDERATION, I SHALL NOT INVITE YOU TO EMBARK UPON ANY NEW LEGISLATION, BEYOND MAKING PROVISION FOR THE PAYMENT OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND THUS RENDERING AVAILABLE FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE MANY WHO ARE NOW DISQUALIFIED BY LACK OF MEANS. IN THE MEANTIME, I COMMEND TO YOU THE WISDOM OF MAKING SEARCHING ENQUIRY INTO THE ENORMOUS AND GROWING VOLUME OF PUBLIC EXPENDITURE, THE MANAGEMENT AND CONDUCT OF THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF THE STATE, THE UTILISATION OF NEW SOURCES OF REVENUE WITHIN THE LIMITS OF OUR PRESENT FISCAL SYSTEM, AND THE DESIRABILITY OF ANY AMENDMENT OF THAT SYSTEM WHICH, WHILST RETAINING THE BENEFIT OF THE FREE IMPORT OF FOOD AND RAW MATERIAL, SHALL PREVENT UNFAIR COMPETITION WITH HOME MANUFACTURES.

THE MYSTERY OF THE "WARATAH."
BOARD OF TRADE ENQUIRY INSTITUTED.

Since we referred to this matter last week we have received numerous other letters relating to the disappearance of the *Waratah*. We cannot refer to them all, but we may quote from one or two. Before doing so we may say that we have information that leaves no doubt whatever that Captain Ilbury, who was in command of the *Waratah*, was very anxious as to her safety, believing her to be top-heavy.

A Marine Engineer gives us the following reasons for his belief that the *Waratah* turned turtle :—

> Mr. Sawyer says that "they left Melbourne with a big list to port, and the next day this had disappeared." The most likely thing that happened was that the Captain gave the Chief Engineer orders to empty the port-side tanks. This would have the effect of bringing her to an even keel, but would render her more top-heavy, and when rolling she would take a longer time to recover, for though with an uneven keel the extra weight of the cargo would probably be very little below the water line, or to put it more clearly, the weight on the starboard side would be equally distributed from keel to deck, but the portside would have all its weight in the mainhold or on the 'tween decks.
>
> Supposing the steamer struck by a heavy sea on the portside, she would reel heavily to starboard and would be a long time coming up, thus giving the succeeding wave a very good chance to turn her over.

The following letters prove beyond cavil that the unseaworthy condition of the *Waratah* was notorious :—

> As a passenger on the *first* trip of the *Waratah* from London to Australia, I can confirm all Mr. Sawyer says as regards the top-heaviness of the steamer. We left Tilbury on November 6th, 1908, and had fine weather till arriving at Cape Town on the 26th. After leaving Cape Town we got it pretty rough, and the rolling of the boat was terrible. Mr. Sawyer says he thought she did not recover herself quick enough. I think often she did not recover herself at all, but took a second plunge, to the consternation of the passengers, who were all very much alarmed, crowded on the upper deck, and afraid to go below. On the 29th it was finer, but a heavy swell, and my diary says :—"Still rolling badly—nearly turtle." Well, this continued until we arrived at Adelaide on December 15th, to the great delight of the passengers—all of whom declared they had had enough of the *Waratah*. On arrival at Melbourne I transhipped for New Zealand, and it was a welcome change to get on board the s.s. *Ulimaroa*, one of the Union Line. My original intention was to return by the *Waratah* on her fatal voyage, but I had fortunately not taken a return ticket, so I forfeited the 20 per cent. I was entitled to had I returned by the same line, and paid full fare by another line of steamers; in fact, had I taken a return ticket, I should not have used it, as I felt certain something would happen sooner or later. I think with you that there ought to be a Board of Trade enquiry at once as to the ship's build, and also as to her beng overcrowded on her first voyage. I could give some interesting particulars as to this; but perhaps it was the heavy load we carried that prevented her capsizing on that occasion.
>
> I will just mention one more incident that occurred on my journey from New Zealand to Sydney, by the s.s. *Manuka*, last March. We arrived at Auckland on the Sunday morning, where there were 300 or 400 people on the wharf to meet us. I was looking over the side, when a voice from the crowd shouted "Hello, Mr. R., has that —— *Waratah* upset yet?" This was from one of my fellow-passengers, whom I had left at Melbourne.

And this from a correspondent who intended to be a passenger from Australia to England by the *Waratah*, but was warned in time of her unseaworthiness :—

> One morning in January, 1909, I was reading *The West Australian*, when I happened to see an article written by two Englishmen, who had come out from England on the *Waratah*, which was then on her maiden trip. They stated how in a comparatively smooth sea the boat was continually rolling, and to such an extent that one day alone eighty dozen crockery were smashed. If it did that on a smooth sea, what would it do in a rough one? As they stated, they had a fortunate run, having experienced no rough weather of much account. What rough seas they did encounter the boat seemed to have no life in her, but acted sluggishly. Then they stated what the accommodation was like, especially the lavatory accommodation. Whilst reading the account I wondered how it was that the Board of Trade passed such a boat, knowing full well what long and dangerous runs she had to do—from England to Australia, *via* the Cape. They stated that she was without a doubt top-heavy, and they were glad when they arrived at their journey's end. Had the *Waratah* experienced such a rough sea as I once saw in the Gulf of Lyons, she would never have lived it through. I drew my own conclusions when I read the account of the *Waratah* being given up, and believe she turned turtle, giving nobody a chance of saving themselves.

And this from one who signs himself "A Sympathiser":—

> I believe the *Waratah* was due to sail from Cape Town some few hours in advance of the *Durham Castle*, but she was detained by the officials. Half-way to Cape Town the *Durham Castle* encountered such a storm as had never been experienced by any of those in charge—in fact, the seas stood up like walls, and it was talk amongst them that it was a marvel that they reached Cape Town, and that the *Waratah* could not possibly do so. Nothing more was known or heard till Las Palmas was reached, when all one heard from those in charge was "She has gone down like a stone." My only reason for stating these facts is my wonderment at the *Sabine* being sent on such a fruitless search when the incidents I have stated must have been known to a great number of people beside myself and your correspondent, who is, no doubt, the same gentleman who endeavoured to induce several ladies on board to leave, but was unfortunately not successful. I now read that a sum of money has been raised for further search, with what object I cannot imagine, without it is to drag the bed of the sea between Durban and the Cape for relics, as, from the circumstances above related, and many others, I am certain she is lying with her human cargo off East London, and it seems cruel not to have the real facts published, and the agony of the many relatives assuaged. I enclose my address so that in case the *Waratah* is at any time located in any other place than between Durban and the Cape, I will send you £5 out of my small savings to be given to any charity you may think fit.

We are glad to be able to say that we have been officially informed by the Board of Trade that an exhaustive enquiry is to be instituted into the loss of the *Waratah*, and that the preliminary steps are already being taken. Such an enquiry is imperative. We have submitted evidence which proves to demonstration that whether the *Waratah* was top-heavy or not, this was the belief of many who sailed in her during her first voyage. There is also grave reason to fear that this dangerous top-heaviness was increased by bad loading at Durban. Our information is that she brought frozen meat—which is light ballast—from Australia, and on top of this Durban put into her 3,500 bags of mealies, which is a shifting cargo, not to speak of filling her coal bunkers up to the very top. This, with the exceptional top-hamper of the vessel, sent her out top-heavy to face the fearful storm which raged on July 27th, and the overwhelming presumption is that in the storm she turned turtle. It will be for the Board of Trade to ascertain the exact facts, and to apportion responsibility for the calamity involved in the sinking of the ship and the loss of the 500 lives she carried.

A BROAD-MINDED CLERIC.

This is the sort of parson we like :—

> DEAR SIR,—I am rejoiced to see your persistent attacks in JOHN BULL upon Goodyism and Cant. If I am not mistaken it is not real, vital and healthy religion you object to, but miserable travesties of it. I think it would interest your readers to see the following extract from the late Bishop Gott's book, "The Parish Priest of the Town." He says :—
>
> > "One who illumined almost every room in England at one time or another with the rare brilliancy of his lighter or deeper mind, was described in his younger days at Court, by a lady writing from the Palace to her daughter at home: 'The real delight of this visit is the presence of Mr. Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man; and if such a Hindoo were to be found, I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut; so it is hard if all who know him are not altogether Christians sooner or later; and, I need not add, for it is a necessary part of his character, that he never parades or brings forward his religious feelings, they are altogether the *climate* of his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian; and it is very pleasant to observe the hearty respect and regard with which everyone behaves to him. What good he has in his power—ten talents indeed!'"
>
> If every one of us clergy were like that good man I venture to think that the John Bull League would have little to do. Why cannot we all "hit the happy medium"? And in the matter of Sunday closing, etc., of course you will admit that it is rather rough luck on shopkeepers to have to work seven days a week, and I know that several of them would gladly close on Sundays if the custom were general.
>
> Peg away, Sir, make the curates not so "curateish," and put in a good word for such of us whom the dog-collar does not deprive of faculties for being "good company" and enjoying our pipe. With all good wishes for the New Year, I remain,
>
> A NON-CURATEISH CURATE.

VULGARITY.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

It is not very long ago that vulgarity might almost have been regarded as a compliment. We have, of course, the phrase "vulgar tongue" in the Prayer Book. The meaning is merely "the language of the people," not the kind of language we hear sometimes in Billingsgate or Limehouse or Whitechapel, or at all times and places during an election, but simply the common speech of the people, the speech, that is, which is common to the most distinguished orators and authors as well as to every respecter of our grammars and dictionaries. In other words, the vulgar tongue is the glorious heritage of the British race. In that sense, a charge of vulgarity is pleasant and comfortable, like cocoa.

Degenerated by Dukes.

But, in the same way that the word "common" departed from its original meaning of being shared by various persons—as in the phrase: "Magnanimity and eloquence are *common* to Socrates, William Pitt, and Jim Crôw"—so did the word "vulgar" expand itself. The offensive, aristocratic person, who despises the mass, came to employ "common" and "vulgar" as terms of reproach. Thus, at the present day, it is true to say that admiration of the Budget is common because it is shared by all sensible people, but in the eyes of a duke or other sweater this common sentiment is foolish and wicked. However, I am not here to bandy pedantic sophistries. I propose to talk to you about vulgarity as it is now commonly understood.

Impropriety.

But how is it commonly understood? That is one of the rhetorical questions which philosophers are in the habit of asking in order to supply the answer themselves. I know what I mean by vulgarity, but nearly everyone I meet puts a different interpretation upon the word, like the waiter who knew somebody was a gentleman because he wore dress clothes. Let me give you a few instances. I lately related a very funny story to an old lady, but she merely looked down her nose and said it was vulgar. As a matter of fact, it happened to be one of the very few blameless anecdotes in my repertory, and I had selected it specially for her benefit. It was quite a drawing-room tale, as far removed as possible from the threshold of the smoking-room. I expanded my mouth and gasped like a fish. I scratched my head. I opened my innocent eyes very widely, but it was only about twelve hours later that the faintest suspicion of the possibility of a double meaning presented itself to my innocent mind. Even so, the impropriety was so far-fetched, so unnatural, so destitute of point, that I could only pity my critic.

A Squeamish Slum.

Whenever people call me vulgar, I know, of course, that it is only through their ignorance or stupidity. I remember, for instance, how once upon a time I went to interview the committee of a Conservative association with a view to becoming candidate for one of the lowest slums in the country. I was received by oily people in black coats, seated at a high table covered with a forest of bottles of whisky. As there was no election, I suppose that the entertainment was not to be regarded as treating within the meaning of the Act. I only mention the whisky to explain the subsequent attitude of the statesmen in black coats. As, for my part, I never touch anything stronger than rum, so you can understand that my eloquence was quite spontaneous. However, be that as it may, I laid it on very thick indeed, if you will pardon the vulgarism. I poured forth cascades of adjectives; I compared Joe Chamberlain to a vulture battening on a corpse; Lord Rosebery to a ghoul sitting on a churchyard wall; and I made pointed references to the ancestry of the late Lord Göschen. You will remember, of course, that all this trinity were then luminaries of Liberalism.

Well, it all went down admirably, but when the agent met me next, he explained with much oily circumlocution that, while he admired my fire and vigour and energy, he was bound to admit and free to confess that diligent enquiries had elicited the unanimous opinion that I was much too vulgar to please his black-coated friends.

Prejudice.

Now, we are accustomed to the phrase "vulgar abuse," and this phrase involves the risk of a superstition that all abuse is vulgar, just as the cant expression "egregious ass" has associated contempt with the adjective, whereas, of course, it means just the reverse. I must not, however, repeat myself, and I suddenly remember that I dealt with this point some two years ago, when instructing you on the philology of a certain naughty word. I should say that vulgarity might well be defined as the antithesis of distinction. Just as a foolish body might be described as one who disagrees with me, so a vulgar person is one who does not share my point of view about manners.

Personalities.

Referring to the question of abuse, for instance, there is nothing to be deprecated in speaking with great force, indeed, with great rudeness, of miscreants who are a danger to the State. We may allude to them as "steeped to the lips in treason," or "marching through rapine and murder to the disintegration of the Empire." We may compare them to Judas Iscariot or Oliver Cromwell or any of the inhabitants of the Chamber of Horrors. We may use figures of speech and liken them to worms or wild beasts or cuckoos or vipers or any other unpopular member of the animal kingdom. But the borderland between propriety and vulgarity is reached when we abandon castigation of their moral obloquy and proceed to deride their physical defects. This is passing strange, and I confess that I should be puzzled to explain it.

Canons of Insult.

Surely crimes and vices involve a more serious allegation than reflections upon the length of a nose or the malformation of a back or the presence of hair upon a chin. Yet the first mode of attack is good politics while the second is bad taste. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the fact that such tactics are not a crime but a blunder. Physical defects arouse pity in noble minds, and the last thing we want to do is to afford an opponent the sympathy of the multitude. Take an extreme instance. Suppose we wanted to run down the poetry of Lord Byron, we should mention his unkindness to his wife, but never, never, by so much as the wink of an eye or the suggestion of a limp, should we allow anyone to suspect that we knew he had a club foot.

Pretentious.

A gentleman named Brown once wrote a book about Vulgar Errors. If he had lived a few centuries later, even unto this day, he would certainly have devoted a chapter to the theory that the distinguishing mark of vulgarity is a pretentious character. A lady who walked about country lanes in magenta-coloured silk, or boasted about her cousinship with a baronet, or retailed the Court Circular at a tea-party, or proclaimed the costliness of her motor-car, would probably be reproached with vulgarity by ninety-nine people out of a hundred. Offensive, yes. Wearisome, yes. Stupid, yes. But why vulgar?

Mock Modesty.

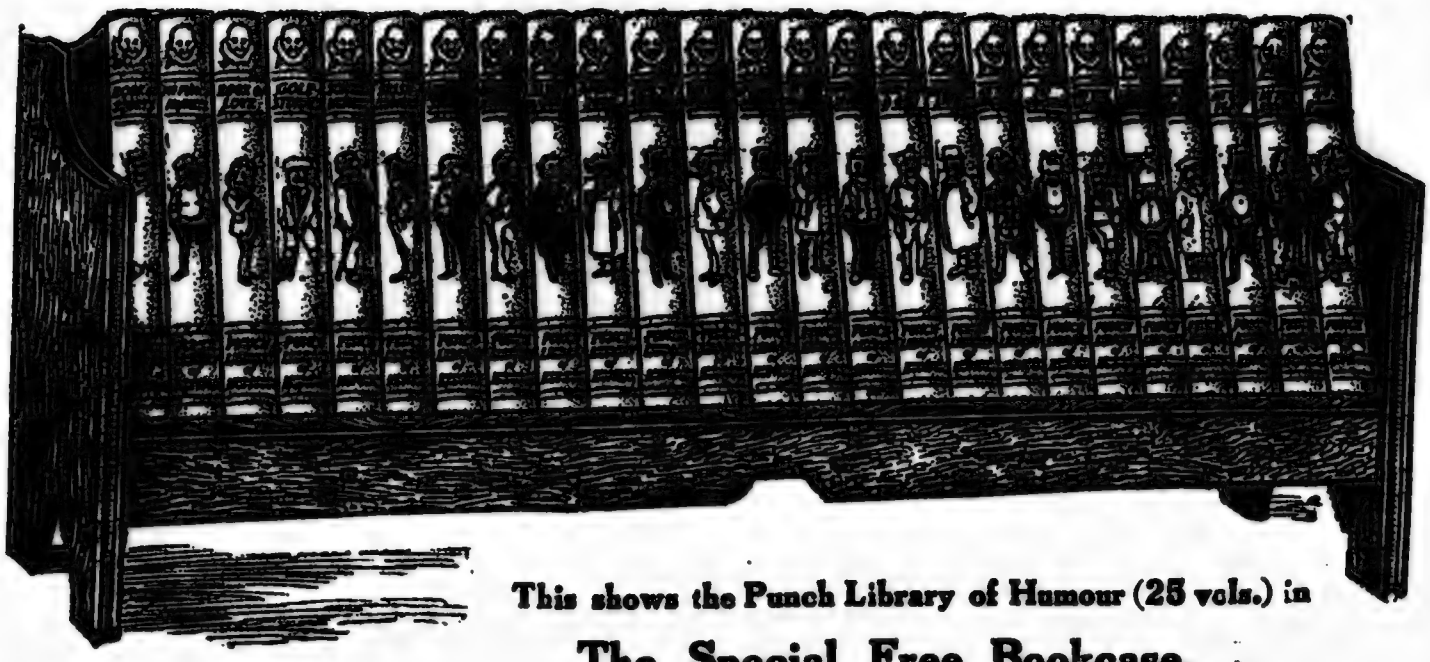
There is also a strange contradiction about this point of view. It is vulgar to boast about your possessions; still more about your imaginary possessions. But no one has suggested that it is vulgar to boast about attainments or fancied attainments. If I told you every morning how clever and beautiful and sober and just and patient I was, you might call me conceited, but the idea of vulgarity would not enter your heads. Again, why should it be vulgar to drop your "h's" and, at the same time, a mark of distinction to clip your "g's"?

I feel that I have really not proved anything, but perhaps I have stated a problem which will invoke controversy. People are constantly quarrelling over the meaning of the word "gentleman," whereas there is no room for doubt that it applies only to a man of gentle birth. But with the modern word "vulgar," there is ample opportunity for debate. Let us take a concrete case. No one can say that a king is no gentleman, however coarse and brutal he may be. But a king can certainly be vulgar. Many kings are. And what about vulgar fractions?

THE ABERLOUR ORPHANAGE.

With reference to our recent criticism upon this Institution, we understand that the Bishop of Inverness has called upon Canon Jupp to resign, and that that gentleman has accordingly tendered his resignation. There is to be a meeting of the managers to consider the position to-day.

Sixty Years of Punch.



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THREE OF A KIND.

A STORY OF BRITISH SPORT.

By Ricardo.

Three men stood in the dock. The first was a medium-sized man with a hanging jowl and close-cropped cranium. He hunched himself forward, his little, half-closed eyes showing no spark of intelligence. What the issue of the trial might be seemed to worry him not at all; yet, perhaps, his danger was the greatest.

The second was a tall, elegantly-dressed "gentleman of fashion," wearing the air of a lounger immensely bored by the proceedings.

The third was an excitable, excited, rotund little man, all nerves and vitality. He seemed on springs, eager to hop from one side of the dock to the other. He, at any rate, was affected by the gravity of the position in which he stood, and made no secret of his fears.

The first prisoner was John Smith, pugilist, late of South Africa. The second was the Honourable Dauncey Rivers, proprietor of a West-End Club. The third was Alfred Cridlan, manager of sporting contests, and entertainment provider to all the nobility and gentry.

The case against them had been duly outlined by the prosecution. The charge was one of manslaughter, and the jury were to determine how one Bill Brown had come by his death. Counsel stated that the club occasionally provided boxing displays for its patrons. On the occasion under notice a championship contest was arranged between the prisoner, John Smith, and the deceased man, Bill Brown. It was a fifteen rounds contest with gloves, under the Queensberry rules, for stakes of one hundred pounds a side and the club purse. The prisoner Rivers was the owner and manager of the club, and accepted all responsibility. The prisoner Cridlan acted as referee, and was in the ring with the men. It was an evenly-contested match until towards the close of the seventh round, when Smith delivered a blow that had the effect of knocking Brown down. He was counted out and the victory awarded to Smith. On Brown being lifted and removed to his corner, he was found to be seriously hurt, and a doctor on the premises, being hastily called, certified that he was, in fact, dead.

Prompt action had been taken by the police, resulting in the present indictment of the three prisoners for manslaughter, Smith as the principal, the others as accessories.

Such, in its ghastly brevity, was the opening statement, and the twelve men in the jury box endeavoured to look sagacious, trying to combine an air of sport with one of judicial wisdom.

On the table in the well of the court were the "exhibits." These were two pairs of boxing gloves, big things of yellow leather stuffed out with wool till they looked like pillows. How a man could have met his death from one of them surely passed understanding. They were so big and so soft. Alfred Cridlan, referee, kept his eyes on them, and on nothing else. He was fascinated by them. Why not? They were to prove his innocence.

Medical evidence was given as to the actual cause of death, and, of course, the doctors differed. The prosecution said a dangerous blow on the heart had killed the fighting man. The defence denied this, and said the man had succumbed to heart disease, accelerated by excitement. The post-mortem had established the fact that Bill Brown's heart was in a sad way.

And so the interesting wrangle went on, to the delight of practitioners in medicine and surgery—whose professional views were coloured according to the side they were on. It was a pretty squabble, but it came to a climax when the judge put the point-blank query, "Did a blow cause this death?" Even the experts for the prosecution did not dare to say yes to that. They compromised with conscience by declaring, "It might have done."

Counsel for the defence was holding the gloves up, and contending that a blow from one of them would not hurt a child. And he called a witness to clinch his case—only one witness; more was unnecessary. The affair was so simple. Bill Brown had died from over-excitement; just died, that was all. He had not been killed. He couldn't have been; the gloves would not have killed a fly. Just one little morsel of evidence was wanted, and then he would leave the case to the commonsense of the jury. He had merely to prove that the gloves which he would hand to the jury for their inspection, so that they might see for themselves what harmless, soft, puddingy things they were; he had just to prove they were the actual ones used in this contest, and his task would be at an end. The witness most competent to swear to the gloves was the referee of the bout, who superintended everything. He called "Alfred Cridlan."

Alfred Cridlan left the dock and stepped into the witness box.

"Pass the gloves to the witness," said counsel to the usher. "Now, Cridlan, look at those gloves. Are they the ones actually used in this unfortunate affair?"

The witness licked his lips again. "Yes they are," he said.

"You identify them?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. That is all I have to ask you."

The witness heaved a sigh of relief and turned to leave the box. But counsel for the prosecution was on his feet.

"One moment, please. You have no doubt about these gloves being the same?"

Alfred Cridlan turned a shade paler, but came up to the scratch. "Not the slightest," he said.

"Aren't they—er—dangerous weapons?"

"Certainly not."

"Not in a fight?"

"No. Besides, this wasn't a fight. It was a boxing contest. A spar with these gloves could hurt nobody."

Counsel for the prosecution sat down. He had certainly not advanced his case. Alfred Cridlan wiped his brow and went back to the dock. He ought to have felt safer, but his gaze was still fixed on those gloves, lying once more on the table in the well of the court, open to the observation of all.

But his fears, if he had any, were groundless. Speeches were made on both sides, and the judge delivered an illuminating discourse on British sport, and explained that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, and then the jury retired to consider their verdict.

In five minutes they were back in court with a verdict of "Not guilty." There was a hum of approval in court, the usher called "Hush!" and the three prisoners—prisoners no longer—stepped from the dock.

"Better come to the Club with me and have a bottle, Cridlan," said Mr. Rivers. "You must want it."

"In half a moment, sir," said the referee. "At present there is one thing I must do." And he slipped hastily away from many friends who would have detained him with congratulatory hand-shakes—slipped away into the well of the court, where a solicitor's clerk was packing up the papers for the defence.

"Jack," he whispered, "give me a bag. quick."

He took a brief bag, and crammed the gloves into it.

"Ah," said the clerk, "no wonder you prize 'em. They got you off."

A few minutes afterwards, Cridlan, holding the bag tight, was bowling westward in a cab with Mr. Rivers.

"You seem deucedly attached to those gloves," remarked that gentleman, languidly.

"So should you be," said the referee, grimly. "There they were all day long, lying on that table for everybody to see, inspected by the judge, inspected by the jury, by our counsel, and by their counsel, by our solicitors and their solicitors, by the doctors and by the police, handled by every witness and every blessed soul in court. I couldn't stand still. I perspired at every pore; I haven't a dry rag on me now. And then I had to stand up and solemnly swear they were the actual two pairs used at the fight!" He shuddered.

The Honourable Dauncey Rivers looked at him curiously. "Well, somebody had to do it," he drawled.

"Yes, I know," said Cridlan. "But—didn't *you* see?"

"See what?"

Cridlan glanced at the roof of the cab, to make sure that the trap was shut. Even the cabman must not overhear.

"Why," he whispered, while his eyes bulged with the excitement of the disclosure, "*three of the gloves were right-handed ones.* And not a soul twigged it except me. No wonder I perspired! Do you mean to say *you* didn't notice it?"

Mr. Rivers perceptibly shivered. "I'm glad I did not," he said. "Or I am afraid I should have exuded a little moisture myself. *Good* heavens!"

What do You Know about Business?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business large or small.

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an off-handed sort of way: "Why I am *in* Business—I am a Business man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub! He *ought to do*. But does he?

Let me put the same question to you, taking it for granted that you are a thoroughly intelligent man, anxious to make headway in the world; one who, if the only right and possible, and at the same time easy way to do this is pointed out to him, will take it. Any intelligent man would do that, surely!

How much do *you* know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception—you will probably own after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet without this Business knowledge your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire To.

It is only necessary to look around, to read the daily papers, to listen to the gossip of the day, to realise that in no department of life, into which intelligent men put sound knowledge and ability and "sticking in" qualities are the rewards so sure, so soon realised, and so lasting as in the great and increasingly-important world of Business.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Bookkeeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business or calling? Do you understand the manufacturing of the goods you are concerned with, or that the firm that employs you is concerned with? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things are Parts of Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you understand clearly what a Bankruptcy definition is? Or what the goodwill of a business really means? Do you know about cheques and banking and bills of all sorts? Do you understand the difference between Insurance and Assurance?

Do you know anything at all about International Trade conditions and regulations?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Do you know anything about big selling schemes? How to create a demand for any special article? How to meet competition? Do you understand the mail order business? Or how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen?

Do you know anything about advertising? Would you know how to engineer separately a national advertising appeal and a local appeal?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now what are you to do?

You must get the Business Encyclopædia. You can have the complete set of this wonderful work delivered carriage paid for a first payment of 1s. 6d., paying for it by small monthly payments,

The Business Encyclopædia is equally necessary to you whether you are a clerk or cashier, a shopkeeper or tradesman, a commercial traveller or agent, a merchant or manufacturer, a stockbroker or financier, a workman or a capitalist.

You cannot do without it whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life; or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. If you are young the use of the Business Encyclopædia makes you proficient in

The Knowledge that is Your Stock in Trade.

If you are older, its use gives you the confidence founded on sound authoritative information, that will enable you to act on your own business ideas. A new idea in business is often the harbinger of fortune, and the use of the Business Encyclopædia stimulates business ideas.

The Business Encyclopædia deals with nothing but business, but it treats of this important subject fully and completely and authoritatively. There are over 12,000 references in the Index; no point of difficulty has been omitted, and every question can be turned up without an instant's loss of time.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR writes:

"I must congratulate you upon the production of such an excellent work. The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the 'Encyclopædia,' the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

A CLERK'S OPINION.

Mr. G. W. Read, Clerk, Fortnam Road, London, N.: "I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—"THE PRACTICAL BOOK"—which will be sent to you POST FREE. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

To the Caxton Publishing Co.,
Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "THE PRACTICAL BOOK."

Name .....
(Send this Form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

Address .....

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE IMMORTALS.

GREAT GATHERING ON MOUNT PARNASSUS.

DEBATE ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

POLITICIANS CRITICISED.

(From Our Special Correspondent, "Retlaw.")

The Annual Conference of the Immortals, summoned for the purpose of debating mundane affairs, met on Saturday last. The first day of the session was devoted to discussing the political situation in England, and criticising certain political personalities. Following the procedure adopted at last year's Conference, which was fully reported in John Bull of February 13th, 1909, Mr. William Shakespeare occupied the chair. Before dealing with the agenda, the chairman read a pathetic acrogram from Mr. Gladstone, apologising for his absence, due, he explained, to his enforced detention at Julia's Bureau. Loud murmurs of sympathy for Mr. Gladstone, and of indignation against Mr. W. T. Stead, disclosed the feeling of the assembly.

The first item on the agenda was "The General Election." The following resolution was moved by Oliver Cromwell:

"That this gathering of Immortals met in conference on Mount Parnassus deprecate the electioneering methods which have been used by all parties in the conduct of the General Election."

In obedience to the established custom, the speakers were restricted to quotations from their own works. The debate was opened by

Matthew Arnold: Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans and swans are geese.

William Cowper (*scornfully*): Pelting each other for the public good.

Robert Browning: All now is wrangle, abuse, and vociferation . . . something is wrong: there needeth a change. (Cheers.)

Sir Thomas Browne: In all disputes so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose.

Sir William Browne: But Tories own no argument but force! (Cries of "No!")

Whereupon Francis Bacon rose and said: As the sea would of itself be calm and quiet, if the winds did not move and trouble it, so the people would be peaceable and tractable, if the seditious orators did not set them in working and agitation. Why should there be such turmoil and such strife?

Artemus Ward: Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness? (Roars of laughter.)

Amid much laughter the resolution was put and carried.

Next followed a brief discussion on "The Budget."

Edmund Burke expressed the opinion that it was: Well stored with pious frauds.

Francis Bacon: The remedy is worse than the disease. . . . No people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire.

Emerson: Of all debts men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire this on Government!

Daniel Defoe: Wise men affirm it is the English way
Never to grumble till they come to pay. (Laughter.)

Edward Fitzgerald: Take the Cash and let the Credit go. (Murmurs of dissent.)

No resolution was moved, and the assembly proceeded to discuss "The House of Lords."

Lord Byron: For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?

Disraeli: The depositary of power is always unpopular.

Carlyle (*with scorn*): Idlers, game preservers, and mere human clothes horses. (Laughter.)

Chaucer: To a poure man men should his vices telle,
But not to a lord, though he should go to helle.

Edmund Burke: They defend their errors as if they were defending their inheritance. Still . . . veneration of antiquity is congenial to the human mind. At the same time . . . I know many have been taught to think that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason.

A resolution to the effect that three-fourths of the House of Lords are superfluous was then put and carried with one dissentient. A brief discussion on "Tariff Reform" then followed.

Carlyle: All reform except a moral one will prove unavailing.

Cowper (*raising an admonitory finger*):
Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

Emerson: Can anybody remember when the times were not hard, and money not scarce?

Thomas Denman was convinced that the policy of Tariff Reform would prove—A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

A resolution to the effect that a Royal Commission should be appointed to make an enquiry into the question of taxing imports was carried with acclamation.

The question of "Woman's Suffrage" coming next before the Conference, Thomas Carlyle was the first to rise and point out the absurdity of the notion that a *woman's* liberty consists in giving her vote at election-hustings, and saying, "Behold, now, I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver."

Elizabeth B. Browning:
I do not blame such women, though, for love,
They pick much oakum.

Cowper: I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
(Loud cries of dissent.)

John Dryden, raising his voice with some difficulty above the uproar, declared that it was quite evident that the women were—Resolved to ruin or to rule the state. (Cheers.)

Artemus Ward: The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. . . . She was born to make a hash of men's buzzums. (Laughter.)

T. Haynes Bayly enquired, amid much laughter: Why don't the men propose?

The Rev. Barham (*Ingoldsby*):
Because woman, wakeful woman's never weary—
Above all, when she waits to thump her deary.

Lord Byron: I for one venerate a petticoat.

The Chairman, having reminded hon. members that the subject under discussion was not Woman but "Woman's Suffrage,"

Edmund Burke closed the debate by saying: Beauty in distress is much the most affecting beauty. There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

After the luncheon interval the Conference re-assembled to discuss Mr. Winston Churchill.

Francis Bacon: A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.

H. Cowley: Vanity, like murder, will out. (Cheers.)

Artemus Ward: I visited Winston in his dreems. I sez—Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun? No, sez he. Wall, sez I, I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon, and the *korps should be ready*. You're too smart to live on this yearth.

Edmund Burke. A great empire and little minds go ill together. (Cheers.)

Mr. Lloyd George next came up for discussion.

John Bunyan: Hanging is too good for him. (Uproar.)

Francis Bacon: Discretion of speech is more than eloquence. Nothing moderate is pleasing to the crowd.

Sir Thomas Browne: A good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

Edmund Burke: It is a general popular error to suppose the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare.

Coleridge: The three ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation, are: 1. Security to possessors; 2. Facility to acquirers; and 3. Hope to all. (Loud cheers.)

Artemus Ward: Why these weeps? (Loud laughter.)

The Chairman, having risen to close the meeting, Mr. Coleridge begged leave, which was granted, to make one reference to Mr. Horatio Bottomley. To the accompaniment of loud cheers, he said:

Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.

Emerson: Nothing astonishes mankind so much as common sense.

The proceedings thereupon closed.

GOOD NEWS FOR SMOKERS

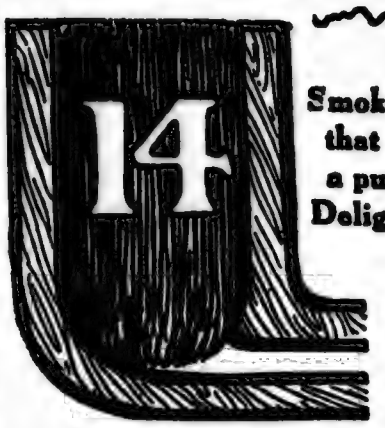
14 Pipesful Now for Same Price as paid for only 10.

The Tobacco is all in a loose, confused tangled mass in the hand-filled pipe.

THE OLD.

Note how the Nicotine collects in the Bowl of the hand-filled pipe.

See how the Tobacco is placed upright in the bowl for perfect smoking if you use the Baron Pipe-Filler.



THE NEW.

Note that there is no Nicotine in the Bowl of the pipe filled by the new Pipe-Filler.

Smoking that is a pure Delight!

AMONG THE HUNDREDS of letters daily being received by Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., of 7, Wardour Street, London, W., in praise of the Baron Automatic Pipe-Filler and Tobacco in Cartridges, just introduced by them to delighted smokers, a number comment on the fact that the smoker now gets 14 pipesful for the same money as formely paid for 10.

The Reason Why You Get 14 Pipesful Instead of 10: The Cartridges for use in the Pipe-Filler cannot be made except with tobacco that is fairly dry, therefore you are buying less Water and more Tobacco than you get in ordinary loose or packet Tobacco. Then there is no waste in filling your Pipe with the Pipe-Filler such as there is in the old method of hand-filling.

14 TO 10 are undeniably good odds in favour of the new way of filling one's pipe.

To test this for yourself will cost you only 1s. for the Pipe-Filler at your tobacconist's. The tobacco will cost you no more than before—the only expense is the 1s. for the Pipe-Filler. Indeed, the Pipe-Filler may be said to cost you nothing, for, being a neat and strong little vest-pocket affair of nickelled metal, it will outlast any number of rubber pouches one uses during the whole of a lifetime.

So much economy in one's smoking is a good thing, is it not? That is not all, however.

The "smoking" of the pipe automatically filled with the Pipe-Filler affords a revelation of pipe-pleasure.

For every single strand of the tobacco smokes perpendicularly **downwards** instead of horizontally **across,** or twistedly **diagonal.**

That is the way tobacco **should** smoke, you will emphatically say, after you have tried the first pipe filled with the new invention.

No "dead," hard, "pulling," stopped-up, soggy smoking. No, you are enabled to fill your pipe without the faulty finger manipulation of the old way.

Air is necessary to the free and easy "draught" of your pipe, and you get it if you use the Pipe-Filler, because every strand of tobacco is upright in your pipe and **the air goes through it.** That is the only way you can get the full flavour of tobacco.

Not the smallest part of a drop of nicotine can collect in your pipe if you fill it in the new and better way. It all goes where all nicotine should go—up in the smoke from your pipe.

There is a wonderful treat in store for every man who has not yet tried a pipe filled in the only way a pipe should now be filled.

THOUSANDS deserted the pipe because of the trouble of filling—the "bad smoking"—the incessant scraping of the bowl—and the tongue-bitting "taste" of the pipe that in the old way of filling could scarcely avoid becoming rank.

See how the tobacco strands in the Baron automatically-filled Pipe stand upright for perfect smoking.

See how in the other pipe the tobacco lies in an utterly confused and tangled mass—loose here, tight there, and altogether improperly arranged for pleasurable smoking.

Speculate a shilling for a Baron Automatic Pipe-Filler at your tobacconist's to-day. Five minutes after first using it you will cancel the word "speculate" and mentally write down your purchase as a good investment.

The same day—and the next—and all the days afterwards—you will become a grateful advocate of the new way of filling your pipe—the pipe that ever afterwards will simply refuse to burn its bowl, clog its bowl-bottom, or stop-up its stem.

You will always be able to get where you get your Pipe-Filler the supplies of tobacco in cartridges for use with it. By buying your tobacco in cartridges, you buy **less water and more tobacco**—14 pipesful to 10.

Two of the best-known and most popular brands of tobacco in the world are now put up in cartridge form for use in the "Baron" Pipe-Filler, namely, "CRAVEN MIXTURE" (fine and double Broad Cut) and "BLACK CAT MIXTURE." The former is a very high-class tobacco, and cartridges of it are obtainable at all good-class tobacconists at **8**d. per oz. (14 pipesful); 2oz., **1/3** (28 pipesful); ¼lb., **2/6** (56 pipesful). The "BLACK CAT MIXTURE" is a popular-priced brand, and can be bought at **5½**d. (14 pipesful) per oz. weight of cartridges.

EVERY LOVER OF "A GOOD PIPE OF TOBACCO" is invited to try 14 Pipesful of either of the mixtures named, and as filled by the Pipe-Filler.

Get a "Baron" Pipe-Filler and a packet of the Tobacco in Cartridges to-day—you will be delighted. If any difficulty in obtaining, you can get the Pipe-Filler and "Craven" or "Black Cat" mixture (in cartridges) direct from CARRERAS, LTD., 7, Wardour Street, London, W. ***"Whatever Carreras say, IT'S RIGHT."***

A "BUSINESS" POST OFFICE.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR POST OFFICE REFORM.

Here is something to think about:—

You want a Business Government. Good. So do I, and a lot of other folks.

I think you should begin with the Post Office, which requires a reform on business lines.

1. The Postmaster-General should be appointed independent of the Government of the day; he should not be a Liberal, Tory, or Socialist, or any party politician.

2. The Post Office is a national and individual institution in which we are all co-partners, and the work is clearly based upon a "letter" foundation—*i.e.*, correspondence brings in the five millions profit mainly; the telegraph service and the Savings Bank and the telephones do not pay.

3. That the work and profit depend upon the labours of the postmen, who make really the profit, as presumably without the letter correspondence and delivery the institution could not go on. Hence they should be well paid. At least one million of the five millions profit should be given to the postmen and sub-postmasters in increased wage or salary.

4. The collection of Christmas boxes should be stopped as being derogatory and degrading to the institution and the men, who would much rather receive, say, in rural districts, 2s. 6d. per week rise in their hard-earned wage, and 5s. increase to London postmen per week. The Christmas box system is a vicious and bad one, and most unsatisfactory and variable in quantity, and ought not to be taken into account in computing the value of a man's wage, as it is at present. If Christmas boxes are illegal in commercial houses, *vide* the new Act, why should exception be made in the case of the G.P.O.? This question was debated in Parliament, and strong protests made by several members against the present bad and indefensible system.

5. The G.P.O. should have a smart, up-to-date advertising manager at, say, £500 a year, to advise and supervise the issue of well-printed, prominent notices, to be shown in all Post Offices, and the present flimsy and often unnecessary leaflets and notices withdrawn.

6. The Postmaster-General should be directly get-at-able for new ideas and suggestions to come immediately before his eye, instead of as at present reforms and suggestions only being allowed to filter through an army of higher officials, who naturally ignore, block, or appropriate the ideas emanating from the rank and file beneath them.

7. Sub-postmasters to be paid a living wage of, say, at least 15s. or 20s. a week for clerical and other duties.

At present two adults must be in attendance some fifty hours a week for about 4s. 6d. to 5s. so-called wages all told. In one case the magnificent sum of 2s. was given for seven months' old age pension clerical wage, so-called, which works out at about 3d. (threepence) per month.

8. The Life Assurance should be properly developed on commercial lines, and postmasters and sub-postmasters given a direct interest to increase this business.

9. All lost postal orders to be refunded to the original sender within one month of complaint. At present lost or stolen orders merely result in loss to poor working people, who months after are told that the culprit has been sent to prison. This is no redress to the sender, and the G.P.O. ought to refund *all* lost or stolen amounts.

10. The parcels post should be kept strictly separate from letter deliveries, and in rural districts only delivered once daily as a separate delivery. The poor country postman on bad roads is loaded up most inhumanely. These are a few reforms to go on with.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT.

A COLOSSAL AND UNIQUE ORDER.

Just as we have long since outstripped all journalistic records in the matter of circulation, so our Advertisement Department is making equally phenomenal progress—amongst the orders booked last week being one from one manufacturing firm alone, amounting to no less than £10,700 in value. We should think this establishes a record.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense Business Government for a Common Sense, Business People.

Readers desirous of joining the League must fill up the subjoined form and forward same to the Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

All applicants whose forms were received up to the end of the year, have been duly enrolled.

No Officer of the League, except the Organizing or Local Secretary, is, in any circumstances, authorized to solicit or receive subscriptions.

LIST OF LOCAL SECRETARIES.

F. K Douglas, "Lyndale House," The Bank, Highgate.
A. H. Carstairs, 39, Crawley Road, Victoria Park, N.E.
A. M. Beuchee, 6, Burton Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
B. Ellis, 36, Napier Road, Bromley, Kent.
C. Perry, 99, Waterloo Road, Aldershot.
C. L. Kay, 155, Summerfield Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
E. Doren, 18, Hutchin Street, Phillips Park, Manchester.
E. Gosschalk, "Craigruie," Upper Terrace Road, Bournemouth.
P. E. Beard, "The Hermitage," Coalville, near Leicester.
F. W. Blower, 6-7, St. John's Square, Cardiff.
A. H. Howard, "Oakdene," Staunton, Kingston-on-Thames.
O. K. Shingler, 410, Abbey Hey Lane, Gorton, Manchester.
W. Moore, "Walcot," Beaufort Road, Reigate.
R. G. Crow, 39, Harbour Street, Ramsgate.
R. Younghusband, "Bassa," Parkhurst Road, Sutton, Surrey.
F. H. Bloore, "Station House," Silsby, near Loughborough.
H. Sheridan Bickers, Knowle Hill, Twyford.

A further list will be published in future issues.

Special Notice.

Pending the completion of various matters connected with the formation of the League—which have been somewhat interrupted by the General Election—it is desirable that branches should postpone arranging for public meetings, and should confine their attention to increasing the local membership.

SOME BRANCH REPORTS.

Aberdare (Glam.).—A strong branch of the League is being formed here, and now the General Election is over the local members are arranging for monthly meetings. A watchful eye is to be kept on Stiggins and Co.

Clapham.—Our Clapham correspondent writes that it would have done the President's heart good could he have been present when the South Hackney result was flashed on the screens. The cheering was practically universal, and the ovation was one that will not be easily forgotten. Since then, membership has been greatly on the increase.

Penarth.—The members of this Branch are anxious that we should keep an eye on Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., who, in answer to a question put to him by a young Baptist minister, pledged himself to support a Bill for Sunday Closing in Monmouthshire.

Good reports also reach us from Rothesay, Sheffield, Loughborough, Cardiff, Ramsgate, Walsall, Taunton, Bristol, Reading, and Wolverhampton.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

—:o:—

Please enrol me as a Member of the John Bull League.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE FOUR MASTERS.

Shakespeare Dickens.
Scott. Thackeray.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Lady Constance Lytton, Bloomsbury Square, London, S.W.

My Dear Constance,—*So* sorry to hear of your indisposition. I wonder you've come out of it alive; I'm sure if *I* had done seven days in Walton Gaol I should have been in Kingdom-Come by this time. Of course it is *all* your own fault for doing these foolish and provoking things. I remember that on the memorable occasion of your last arrest you complained that the Home Secretary or some other dear sweet man *wouldn't* let you stay in gaol because you were connected with the aristocracy, though *I* thought it *exceedingly* nice of him. *Why* you wanted to be put into a nasty dungeon without a carpet or a settee or a footstool or a piano or a scent bottle or a dear little poodle or anything, and to eat a lot of *awfully* nourishing food one would not offer even to one's footman I shall never, *never* be able to understand.

But of course there was *no* stopping you when you had made up your mind to get into prison and become one of those beautiful martyrs pictured on the Christmas almanacks the grocer sends one for the decoration of the servants' hall, and so it was *just* like you, dear, to get your lovely hair cut, and disguise yourself in old clothes, and disreputable boots, and trumpery trinkets, and call upon the populace to follow you in storming Walton Gaol *just* as Joan of Arc wouldn't have done if *she* had lived in these days and wanted a vote. That did it. As plain Jane Wharton—*Jane Wharton*, indeed!—you were fined 10s. or 14 days, and instead of paying up—what in the world is coming over you I can't think—you said you would do the time, and went in to smash 15s. worth of window panes and write *heroic* texts on the dungeon walls. And to crown all, you refused to partake of food in order to provoke the nurses and doctors to nourish you through a tube, though you *must* have known quite well, dear, that they have *lots* of trouble, poor things, without your adding to it by such goings on. I do believe you just *wanted* to make yourself quite ill, so there, and you succeeded so well that they let you out in seven days, which is quite long enough for *any* nice person to remain in so horrid a place. Do promise me not to be such a silly silly any more, Constance; and never try to get into gaol again. It is *no* place for a lady. John Bull.

To Mr. Justice Bucknill, Royal Courts of Justice, London.

My Lud,—I note with interest that you have done your duty to your country (and your party) like a man. Indeed, I may say you have done it as several men, and I trust you have been unanimous. Your lordship will correct me if I am wrong; but from information received I understand that you rose the other day from your arduous duties on the Bench of Justice at half-past-three of the afternoon, called you a taxi, chauffed to Euston, caught the 4.10 for Northampton, reached that town at 5.32, motored to the polling station, made your mark, and placed your voting paper in the slot, entrained for Rugby at 5.49, voted in that constituency also, and returned to London by the 6.25.

I will not flatter your lordship into the belief that this constitutes a record, for it is probable that the great performance has been beaten by other lightning tourists who have even more votes than those allotted to you by the genius of a discriminating legislature. Thanks to the motor car, the plural voter has been able in most cases to vote in every constituency for which he has a qualification, combining patriotism and pleasure by getting himself counted many times over as a factor in the governmentof his country. I hear people talking of One Man, One Vote; but probably your lordship no more agrees with that revolutionary proposal than you would agree with the new cry of "One Woman, One Baby." In any case, I like to see a judge taking a practical interest in the making of the laws which he is called upon to administer.

John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Bryan Roberts, County Court, Merthyr, Wales.

Dear Judge,—I notice that you have appointed to the Registrarship of the Merthyr County Court, Mr. Henry Percival Williams, of Rhyl, his salary being £1,300, and you being his uncle. Permit me to congratulate you on the success of so close a relation. Any more vacancies for any more nephews? John Bull.

To Baron de Bernicey, Belmont, Mill Hill, London.

Baron,—In another column, I reproduce the Rules and Regulations of your Stud Farm, and I am not surprised that your late stud groom, complaining in a County Court action the other day that you had threatened to smash every bone in his body, stick him with a pitchfork, and blow out his brains if he did not "clear out at once," recovered from you the wages which were due to him. I also understand that in the same court your cowman recovered from you two weeks' wages and £10 for assault; and that in this instance you had seized the man by the throat with one hand while carrying a gun with the other, called him a foul name, and threatened to put him in the hospital if he did not clear out. I further understand that in another court, not long ago, you were heavily fined for grievously wounding, and that in a further case you paid a considerable sum by way of compromise.

All things considered, Baron, I have come to the conclusion that for English people to take service with you is a somewhat hazardous enterprise. If you cannot conduct yourself decently, and if not like a Baron at any rate like a gentleman, you should return to your own country before you are certified for re-export. John Bull.

To Mr. Elisha Landen, District Councillor, Teddington.

Sir,—I notice that you have been causing considerable commotion in Teddington on account of one of the Council's watchmen's boxes having been placarded with Conservative bills during the election. Do you think the ratepayers elect Councillors to worry about such trivial matters? Perhaps the bills were used to make the box draught-proof, and thus allow the night watchman to *sleep* in comfort. The Teddington branch of the John Bull League will be busy if this sort of thing continues.

John Bull.

To the Magistrates, County Police Court, Grimsby.

Gentlemen,—It is not long since I had to address a severe remonstrance to you for a cruel sentence passed on a man who, having tramped a long distance in search of work, was found asleep under a wagon. I am reminded of this by a similar brutality inflicted by you a few days ago on a man named Crisp, charged with begging. So far as I can see from the proceedings, Crisp's story was not contradicted by anybody. What was it, gentlemen? It was that he was a Lowestoft fisherman who, since September last year, had only had the opportunity of making two short trips to sea. He had tramped along the coast from King's Lynn, "starving the whole way." By Saturday night he had arrived at the Grimsby Docks, and there a baker gave him a loaf of bread. This loaf was all he had to eat from that time until Monday evening, when, famished and desperate, he begged—for the first time in his life.

Without hesitation, therefore, I say that the sentence of a month's imprisonment you passed on this man was heartless and unconscionable—almost unthinkable. The famished human derelict begging a copper or a crust may be a social inconvenience, or a social nuisance, or, if you please, a social suspect, but there is no moral code in the world which can make him a criminal to be classed with the wife beater and the footpad and the thief. I pity even more than I despise you, and I cry shame on every one of you. It is terrible to think that so much wrong is done in the name of right. Even for Grimsby magistrates it is written: "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Yes, I pity you.

John Bull.

Metternich, German Ambassador, London.

Appreciate assurances Germany not building Navy to hurt us. Please regard any additions my Navy evidence reciprocal friendly feeling. Bull.

Douglas Hall, M.P., Isle of Wight.

Understand you stand six feet-five in your socks. Should not wonder if you will reach highest position in House of Commons. Bull.

Treasury, Whitehall, London.

Learn not yet granted pension to X-ray martyr Cox. Done thundering sight more good than Shackleton ever did or Scott ever will. Hurry up, please. Bull.

"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!"

"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!"

With acknowledgments to a well-known picture.

A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF THE POLITICAL DEADLOCK.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Paris Inundation Causes Some Weakness—Excellent Kaffir Prospects—American Weakness—Cheap Money—The Gold Reserves.

Alas! beautiful Paris is being ravaged by inundations which have developed into a great misfortune to life, health and property, which has also cast quite a gloom over the City of London. The troubles of our French allies have also been reflected in the stock markets, chiefly, however, in Rentes, Railway, Tramway, and other of their home securities, although some of their Kaffir holdings were also thrown overboard. These, however, were readily taken here, and the sales, of course, represent merely solitary instances, as South African shares—on the eve of a strong revival—are probably the last thing to be sold by French holders. In fact, the market has already steadied. Foreign stocks have also suffered here and there, and another effect has been a delay in the issue of various new loans which are on the *tapis*. On the other hand, Home politics have acted as a wet blanket upon Consols and other gilt-edged securities, as well as upon Home Rails and others of our home securities, as the result of the elections has created a very difficult position, and the new Parliament will apparently indulge in much wrangling. The view that I took some time ago that investors and speculators will chiefly be attracted by Kaffir, Rhodesian and West African Mines, which are outside the scope of Parliamentary activity, therefore gathers force, and rubber shares are already in a veritable state of boom. The fresh collapse from which American Rails are now slowly emerging will, no doubt, frighten off European investors still more, and it is a great satisfaction to me that I have all along so strongly urged my readers to leave Yankees alone. The Paris catastrophe is not likely to help the money market, yet I anticipate that we shall have cheap money for some time to come. By the way, several of the Bank chairmen have at the meetings of their shareholders raised their voices in favour of the accumulation of larger gold reserves, notably Sir Edward Holden, of the London City and Midland, and Sir Felix Schuster, of the Union and Smith's Banks. It is to be hoped that the other Banks will follow their example in word and in deed.

Large German Borrowing—Delayed Foreign Loans—Canadian Pacifics—Grand Trunks.

The fall in Consols is due not only to Home politics, but also to anticipations in the Consols market of further heavy Government borrowing. Germany is also on the warpath with big loans, 17 millions Sterling Imperial and seven millions Prussian 4 per cents., the huge navy expenditure becoming very onerous. The Bulgarian loan, of which three millions sterling are to be issued in Paris and one million in London, is timed for February 15th, and the London portion will be issued through Messrs. J. H. Schroeder and Co. The Austro-Hungarian loan will no doubt be arranged under Rothschild auspices, while the Siamese loan must await the pleasure of the Paris Bourse. The Lackawanna Steel issue will no doubt be made by Messrs. Speyer when affairs in Wall Street are more propitious. The Canadian Pacifics December statement is favourable, and were it not for the weakness of Yankees, this stock would stand much higher than 185. But Grand Trunks are weak at 51¼ for Third Prefs., and I hear that some unfavourable financial disclosures will shortly bring a further fall about.

The Rubber Boom—The Linggi Bonus—Sensational Movements—Jequie and West Jequie—London Venture Corporation—A Madagascar Rubber Company.

There is no doubt about the boom in plantation rubber shares. It pervades the whole Stock Exchange. Jobbers have been attracted to it from all quarters, and such is the pressure of the crowd that brokers who have been dealing have to get outside before they have even room to "book" their bargains. At the last settlement there was some trouble in carrying over, but fortunately the bulk of the business is done for investment, the shares being paid for. Splendid dividends keep the ball rolling, such as 6d. per share (third interim dividend of 25 per cent.) of the Anglo Malay, dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum for the year of the Sumatra Para, and third interim dividend of 1s. 3d. (at the rate of 250 per cent. per annum of the Selangor. The Tandjong shareholders will receive a bonus in the shape of an allotment of new shares at an advantageous price, and the Linggi, my special favourite, distributes to shareholders holding 100 shares, 5,000 Kamuning B shares of £1 each, which represents a splendid bonus. No wonder that *Linggi* shares are up 6s. for the week at 36s. 9d.; *Anglo Malay* up at 22s. 6d., *Golden Hope* at 4¾, *Vallambrosa* at 33s., *London Asiatic* at 4¾, *Straits Bertam* at 63s. 6d. All these shares were recommended at much lower prices by me. *Jequié Syndicate* shares are quoted at 12s. 6d.; and *West Jequié* are comparatively cheap at 4s. 6d. It is understood that the syndicate will not float off any further subsidiaries until the first consignment of rubber has been marketed here, which will be in the near future. The *London Venture Corporation*, by the way, has issued this week the *Madagascar Rubber Company*, which have acquired a number of Government grants in Madagascar, the directorate being very influential. The shares are expected to be many times over-subscribed, and are already quoted at £1½ premium. This will bring further profits to the *London Venture Corporation*, which also holds additional rubber interests, and also a great copper mine, which will reach the producing stage in March, when it will also be floated. In view of the great successes achieved, the shares in the *London Venture Corporation* of 4s. fully paid have risen to 4s. 6d.—5s., and are expected to reach a much higher figure. Among the rubber companies which have attracted considerable attention is the *Henriques Estates, Limited*. This company owns a rubber plantation of over 500 acres, and a forest of 40,000 acres containing rubber and mahogany trees. Since October last, when we remarked on them, the fully-paid 2s. shares have risen to about 5s. 6d., and look like going higher, the prospects of the company appearing favourable.

Kaffir Shares Marking Time—A Strong Undertone for Modderfontein and Other Far Eastern Shares—Jungles and Rhodesians Waiting.

The market for Kaffir shares has been adversely affected by the depression on the Paris Bourse owing to the floods in that stricken city, but the tone is steadying again and there is little doubt but that Paris will soon buy back the shares it has sold under the influence of the temporary scare. The present is, therefore, an excellent opportunity to buy *New Modderfontein* or other Far Eastern shares. In the case of the *New Modderfontein*, intelligent anticipation has been borne out by events, and the details of the new capitalisation scheme, viz., fifty thousand new shares to be offered to shareholders at £11 per share, are now officially confirmed, the effect of which will be to make almost the whole of present and future profits available for distribution. *Modderfontein* are just now in demand at 12⅞. There is a further cablegram from the Rand Collieries Gold reef 7th level north drive which is now sampled for a distance of 20 feet and averages seventeen dwts. over a width of 45 inches. These workings are from one shaft, depth 2,800 feet. It is expected to cut the reef at 3,000 feet, when possibly more rapid development will occur than hitherto. These are some of the cheapest shares at 1⅛, and so are *Cinderella Deep* at 2⅛. Explanations are still awaited of the fall in *Vogelstruis Deep* at ⅞. Latest native labour news, by the way, is very satisfactory, and a considerable increase is expected in the near future, which will probably give the signal for a sharp all round rise. *Jungles* have been neglected with *Kaffirs*, and for no other reason. The next impetus will probably be given by the amalgamation of the *Prestea Block "A," Prestea Mines, Abbontiakoon* and *Anfargah*, the latter controlled by the *Prestea Mines*. Under these circumstances these are a good purchase on the slight reduction. The statements at the *Taquah* meeting have proved rather disappointing, and the shares are easier at 3⅞. Some of the cheaper shares are the reconstructed *New Axim Mines* at 6s. 3d. In the Rhodesian market *Globe and Phœnix* have reacted to 7⅜, as it is being realised that prices have been hoisted in advance of the mine's achievements. *Giants*, too, are weaker, and *Chartered* have eased. *Bucks Reef* have reacted to 2⅜, *Sinti Reefs* are being dealt in at 9s. *Tanks* have given way to 5¾. In fact, there is no initiative in Rhodesians, which are waiting upon *Kaffirs*. *Mexican Mines of El Oro* are easier at 8¼ in the absence of news. With the completion of the amalgamation of the *Utah, Boston and Nevada Cons. Mines* the great American copper merger seems to have made some progress. The *Anaconda* will apparently be used as the rallying point for the next amalgamation.

LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK.

This great institution has fully maintained the excellent results of a year ago. Profits, in fact, were slightly larger, the total being £372,537. While maintaining the dividend at 18 per cent., and making several appropriations, the large balance of £179,740 is carried forward. The cash item in

the balance-sheet for the first time includes bullion, owing to the public-spirited action of the Bank in establishing a gold reserve of its own.

O. E. TOMLIN AND CO.

The recent activity in the West African section has brought out of his shell one of the most dangerous personalities, from a market point of view, in the House—we refer to Mr. C. E. Tomlin, the "Attenborough" of the old Westralian days, and a prominent member of the "Lake View" pawning syndicate, which was one of the principal factors in bringing down Whitaker Wright. Operators desirous of "making a market" for their wares should be on their guard. When they bid, it is any odds that "C. E. T." will be in a position to oblige them.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but as token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

DEPOSIT WITH BUSINESS FIRMS.—V. P.—I do not like deposits with such business firms, and the very fact that they offer five per cent. interest is disquieting. Without reflecting upon the firm in question, I strongly advise you to invest your money in sound securities, and if you would like the name of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, I will give you the address of one.

PURCHASE OF CONSOLS.—H. W. A..—No, I do not advise to put the sum of money in Consols, as a good deal has yet to happen in home politics before these will be safe to buy. You might have another sharp fall in case of political trouble. You cannot do better than buy Colonial Government stocks, which are quite safe, and will not be subject to these fluctuations. For instance, West Australian 3½ per cent. Inscribed Stock at 97½ yields £3 11s. 6d. per cent., or Queensland Inscribed at 98, £3 11s. 3d. If the sum is large, you might divide it over these two, and over New Zealand 3½ per cent. at 98.

KAFFIR AND WESTRALIAN MINES.—ELECTRIC.—Yes, I still consider the shares mentioned by you good for a lock-up, especially Simmer Deep (7), Western Rand Estates (6), Daggafontein Gold (4), and New British Transvaal (2). No. 1 are also cheap, but you might have to wait for some time, and Nos. 3 and 5 had best be left alone for the present. Amongst West Australians, Great Boulder Perseverance (9) and Associated Northern Blocks (8) are fair mining risks, and I do not care for Hannans Reward (10). For the last-mentioned there is no market. I forward, as required, the address of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY INVESTMENT.—TORQUAY.—A great many patents have been taken out for wireless telegraphy in England, but Marconi's is the only one which has been floated into a company, and in which investment is possible. It has, moreover, a great start over all other inventions of the kind. The other important patents which are being worked in this country are the De Forest system, the Fessenden, and the Lodge-Muirhead systems.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—CANADA.—It appears to me that you have not reckoned the cost of the call option, which must naturally be deducted before you can get a profit. REGISTRY (Waterloo).—This is an outside concern, but respectable. At the same time, I do not think it is advisable to disclose all your holdings to strangers, and it is always better to deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. G. M. (Walsall).—With regard to Gerson, Hamson and Co., a paragraph was inserted in JOHN BULL of November 27th, stating that as complaints had been received that this firm did not settle all claims, the advertisement had been withdrawn. As you say, the people have disappeared. With regard to paying the calls, if you once are a holder, you have to pay them, unless you can sell the shares, which would be a matter of difficulty. CONSTANT READER (Shifnal).—I have examined the accounts you sent me, and I find that the first tape price has in each case been adopted, which I suppose is in accordance with your arrangement, and on these terms the account is quite correct, but you really stand very little chance of making money in this way. You had far better save a larger amount, and then employ a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange. The documents are returned, and, as requested, I have sent you the name you require. DEWR (Port Talbot).—In your position, you are not justified in speculating in this way, as you would be bound to lose the money, and these pamphlets put matters far too rosy. When you have saved a somewhat larger amount, I will advise you to invest it in sound securities, which are likely to improve. In the meantime, you had better keep the money in the Post Office Savings Bank, or somewhere equally safe. F. S. P.—I am afraid it will be a case of throwing good money after bad, as such people have a peculiar facility of levanting without leaving any traces. I do not know anything concerning the other firm in question. The documents are returned. DOUBTFUL.—Your only course is to continue to press the Official Receiver, and see him, if necessary, in London. As regards the firm in question, it is a delicate matter upon which to advise, and I would rather not commit myself, you must satisfy yourself as to their *bonâ-fides*, but I have heard that they are doing better now. Q. E. D.—The experience should be a lesson to you not to deal with such doubtful people in future. You should take no notice of this threat, and can easily plead the Gaming Act, if necessary. I fancy, however, that if you hold out you will hear nothing further of the matter. You can be sure that this type of people will stick to everything they get hold of, and work the figures to suit their own purpose. MARY YORKE (Clapham).—I cannot obtain any information concerning this firm of outside brokers. At all events, they are not members of the Stock Exchange, and should you like the name of such a one, I shall be pleased to forward the same. IRON FOUNDER.—I believe they are respectable, but that is all I can say. They are not members of the Stock Exchange, and I never recommend outside brokers. I can send you the name of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, if you send stamped and addressed envelope. GAUTIER ROUX.—(a) I never recommend outside brokers. (b) It is not possible to do business with stockbrokers, members of the Stock Exchange, on the same terms as with outside brokers, especially not for three-months' settlement, as the settlement on the Stock Exchange takes place every fortnight, but in the long run you will do far better with a house broker, whose address I send you as requested. (c) You can obtain such books from Messrs. Effingham Wilson, of 1, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C. GERSON HAMSON AND CO., S. H. (Grimsby).—Have you not noticed the paragraph which appeared in JOHN BULL on November 27th, in which special notice was given that the advertisement of the firm had been discontinued, as complaints had been received that all claims had not been fully met. I do not recommend outside brokers, and will send you the name of a firm of brokers, members of the Stock Exchange, if you will send stamped and addressed envelope. CONSTANCE.—(1) Have nothing to do with them. (2) Respectable, but I do not recommend outside brokers, and after your experience you ought to deal only with a member of the Stock Exchange, the address of whom I forward as requested.

HOUSE BROKER.—PRESTEA.—I note that you wish to buy some Prestea Mines, and send you the name of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, who will be pleased to act for you. A. M. S.—I have forwarded the name of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, as requested, who will advise you carefully, and whom you can thoroughly trust. ZETETIC.—I have forwarded you the name of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, as requested. You can invest the money quite safely in Colonial Government Stocks, say, 3½ per cent. West Australian, or Queensland, or New Zealand Inscribed Stock, which will yield you about £3 11s. per cent. You can get 4 per cent. and more in Home Railway Stocks, and up to 5 per cent. in Argentine, or other South American Railway or Government Stocks. Your stockbroker will be able to advise you as to what is best to be done.

BROKER'S REFERENCE.—AJAX.—As requested, I have sent you the address of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, who will be pleased to do business with you. I suppose you could give him a bankers' or other respectable reference.

RANDFONTEIN DEEP.—CARPET SLIPPER.—(1) South Randfontein Deep are no longer quoted, as they will apparently be amalgamated with some adjoining mines, but the news is good. I suppose you do not mean Randfontein Deep, which stand at ½ to 1. (2) Wayceling Consolidated Tea shares are not known here. At all events, there is no market. Where did you buy them?

LAND SOCIETY.—O. K. R.—Yes, I am distinctly of opinion that the Budget will do no good to the Land Company mentioned by you, and I therefore strongly advise you, instead of putting the money on deposit there, to invest it in a thoroughly sound security, such as Australian Government 3½ per cent. Inscribed Stock, particulars of which you will find above under answer to "H. W. A.," the yield of which is about £3 11s. per cent., and is therefore much better than Consols, while the security is absolute.

RUBBER SHARES AND BROKERS.—DIXIE.—Kuala Pahi Rubber Eestate, Limiter, is one of the more recently issued companies, and there is very little market for it, as the rubber trees are still very young. (2) Possibly these will improve, as the market is so strong. Your Kaffir shares (a) and (b) should be held for an improvement, also your Rhodesians (c) and (d). (f) I do not think much of Anchor Tins. The stockbrokers, members of the Stock Exchange (g) and (2), are quite respectable and substantial, and I feel sure that you will fare better with house brokers than with outside brokers, who will get the money from you in another way, for they are not philanthropists, least of all the firms mentioned. Nos. 3 to 6. No. 7 are respectable outside brokers, but I do not know anything about their solvency. I have forwarded you, as requested, the name of a firm of stockbrokers, members of the Stock Exchange, who will deal on good terms with you.

SMALL BANKS.—C. C. B.—Only for small amounts. It is obvious that such high rates of interest are not compatible with absolute safety.

£100 FOR SPECULATION.—MANITOBA.—(a) Certainly. (b) Yes, I send you the address of a suitable firm. (c) London. (d) Kaffirs and Jungles are most attractive, especially on reactions, such as Johannesburg Consolidated Investments and Prestea Mines. London Venture Corporation are also bound for a still higher level. (e) Not yet.

£200 FOR WEST AFRICANS.—R. F. W.—Spread the money over Fanti Consols, Fanti Mines, and Prestea Mines. I send you the address requested in your envelope.

TRUNKS, ETC.—CARN BREA.—(1 and 2) I understand that some unpleasant financial development is in prospect for Grand Trunk stockholders, I would therefore advise leaving such stocks alone. (3) Better hold after the heavy fall; it is also asserted that the new process is proving a success. (4) Yes, keep Standard Bank of South Africa, although you paid a very high price. (5) I am inclined to advise a sale now, in order to go into shares of a more progressive character amongst Kaffirs. (6) No market.

5 PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.—A. H. N.—(1) I know nothing particular against these people, but I would prefer dealing through a member of the Stock Exchange. (2 and 3) Both Russian 5 per cent. and Osaka Harbour 6 per cent. are all right of their kind, but not without a certain spice of speculation. Instead of the other stocks mentioned, most of which have no market, you might buy such securities as Argentine Buenos Ayres Drainage Bonds at about 104; Brazilian Western of Minas Bonds, at 102; Chilian 1896 Loan, at 100½; and Japanese 4 per cent. Sterling Loan, at 92½.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

SAFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. M. (Salisbury).—It is the largest Mutual Life Office in the British Empire. Its financial position is very strong, and there is no company that does more for its policyholders.

THE ESSEX AND SUFFOLK EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. J. W. (Leeds).—Yes, certainly. Have nothing to do with the other concern you name.

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—WALT (Clapham Junction).—It is an excellent company, and the scheme to which you refer is in our opinion a very sound one. As to surrender values, whole life immediate profit policies can be surrendered after 3 years for one-third of premiums paid. Deferred and without profit policies, after 3 years, for 25 per cent. of the premiums paid, and endowment assurance after two annual premiums have been paid can be converted into paid-up policies and surrendered for cash.

THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. (Hereford).—It is a sound company, established early in 1906. We should continue payments on the Endowment House Purchase Certificate.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—R. S. M. (Falkirk).—You need be under no anxiety. The financial position of the company is sound, and its business progressive.

BRITISH LIFE OFFICE, LTD.—J. H. M. (Yorks)—It is a small office incorpotared between three and four years ago, with an authorised capital of £100,000, of which £25,000 has been subscribed and paid up. We have not much fancy for the certificates to which you refer.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—D. B. (Reading).—The company you name is not making much progress, and we should prefer insurance with another; but this must not be taken to mean that the company in question is not solvent. J. H. G. (Leighton Buzzard).—It is in the first rank, and we have no complaints as to any delay in settling claims.

THE SELF HELP INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.—J. B. M. (Finchley).—The company is a small one, but it is taking steps to increase its capital. We do not think there is much in the discrepancies you point out in the two policies, but you should apply for explanation to the manager of the company, who will give it to you in authoritative form.

THE NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—M. J. M. (Cork).—You would be quite safe in doing so. The particular policy to which you refer is an attractive one.

ET ARTE ET MARTE (Jersey).—Your enquiry was upon the letter which was returned to you. You do not repeat it in yours of the 26th inst. If you will do so, we will answer it by post.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over until next week.)

REJECTED (ELECTION) ADDRESSES.

A FEW MORE THOUGHTS ON SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Mr. G. Nicholls: Told the House that he came there to "preach the Gospel." Introduced a Sunday Closing Bill, which I "talked out." Sat at first with the Liberals, and then crossed over to the Labour benches. A good, honest fellow, but now in his proper place—outside Parliament!

Mr. A. C. F. Boulton: Not a nice man—smirky and ill-conditioned. I always looked at his boots.

Mr. Godfrey Baring: Always wore a violet, a smile and a short jacket. Acted as Col. Seely's secretary. Probably the victim of his wife's well-meant but indiscreet election enthusiasm.

Mr. Pete Curran: Poor Pete! I'm afraid that little cab incident had something to do with it! After that he signed the pledge, and always drank ginger ale with his dinner, although they *do* say!

Sir C. D. Rose: Owner of Cyllene—the best horse of his year, but unfortunately not in the Derby. Very much opposed to the Street Betting Bill, but was too tired to sit up all night and fight it. Left it to me.

Mr. J. Rowlands: "Jimmy," we called him. One of the old school of Labour members. Always sat with the Liberals. Rather fond of studying social problems—in Paris.

Mr. Micklem, K.C.: Supported the Licensing Bill, and forgot the Watford Brewery! Typical Chancery barrister. Fond of his pipe and loyal to his party. I met him in the train during the Long Vacation. He was giving up half his holiday to "keep his promise to the Whips." Last time I spoke to him, said he thought he should "be all right at the election." I wished he was a betting man!

Mr. G. A. Hardy: Twice successful in the ballot. Used one of the occasions to call attention to Balkan troubles. Couldn't think of anything else.

Hon. E. Fiennes: A Liberal who wouldn't swallow the "Chinese Slavery" pill. Always kept his hat on—especially in the dining-room. No doubt the fashion with Honourables.

Mr. E. B. Barnard: Funny old "E. B."! Nobody could quite understand him—especially when he spoke. Never aimed very high, but did a lot of quiet, useful work.

OH, WHAT A HAPPY PLACE IS ENGLAND!

BARON BERNICEY'S BOUNTY.

We are indebted to a Mill Hill reader for the following copy of the Rules and Regulations for employees at "Belmont," Mill Hill, Baron Bernicey's Stud and Estate:—

(1) All employees must be at their allotted place of work punctually to time.

(2) The hours are from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. during the winter months, from October to February inclusive, and from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m. during the summer months, from March to September inclusive.

(3) The hours for meals are, for breakfast from 8.30 a.m. to 9 a.m., for dinner from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m., and for tea from 4.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

(4) No employee shall be allowed to leave the estate without the knowledge and consent of his Employer or Foreman, but he shall be allowed to stay in his room or any place on the premises during meal times.

(5) Every employee is strictly prohibited from visiting the public-houses of Mill Hill or the neighbourhood, nor shall any drink of any kind be brought on the Estate from the same, but if any employee shall be desirous of having beer or other drink he shall give his order for the same through the Mess Steward, who shall arrange to have the same supplied and the account for such drink shall be settled weekly.

(6) The Employer will supply all necessary tools and requirements for the work, but the employee shall use the same properly and carefully and shall be liable for any wilful damage done by him and the costs of the same shall be deducted from the wages of the employee.

(7) Every employee shall be careful not to waste gas, electric light, fuel or any article or thing used by him in the course of his employment.

(8) The employee (if a man servant for whom a license shall be necessary) shall pay the sum of 4d. per week towards the expense of such license, and all employees shall pay the sum of 2d. per week towards the premiums for Insurance under the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

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OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT 2 GUINEAS APIECE.

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of these numbers will be drawn and published.

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The Fifty Numbers in respect to this issue will appear in John Bull dated March 5th, and published on March 3rd.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE PUBLIC AUTHORITIES PROTECTION ACT.

An Edinburgh reader writes:—

I observe that in referring to Bailie Russell's, of Glasgow, Bumble decision in the Jessie Brown case, you refer to the police pleading the Public Authorities Protection Act with success. I trust you will direct your attention to this disgraceful Act, and endeavour to get it removed from the Statute Book. This fraudulent law provides that public authorities and their hirelings shall not be liable for their official misdeeds unless proceedings shall be begun against them within six months from the date of such wrong-doing, and that public authorities, when they win their case, are to get their full costs as between solicitor and client from the very inception of the claim against the unfortunate private citizen who has endeavoured to vindicate what he believes to be his rights. The Bill slipped through when, I think, the Liberals were in power in 1893, urged on by the gang of officials who run our municipal corporations, whose end and aim is to magnify their office at the expense of the luckless private man, who fights with his own and not the ratepayers' money. Habitually when a wrong has been done the solicitors for corporations trifle with their victim with specious negotiations until the brief period of limitation has expired, and then table their iniquitous plea and defraud him or her of all remedy. It will only be when some great scandal has occurred that attention will be directed to the insidious underminings of constitutional rights and liberties that our local authorities and their tyrannical understrappers have long been engaged in. Our whole history has been one long struggle, till recently successful, against official tyranny from King John to the Trades Union Parliamentary Levy case. It says little for democracy that the Mother of Parliaments, rapidly degenerating into the stepmother of the citizens, permitted such an Act to enable the weak to be defrauded by the strong. Our officials would dearly like to introduce the liberty-poisoning *droit administratif* of Continental countries into the free constitution of the land, where till this Act all men, official and laymen, have been equal before the law. Under that *droit* all claims against officials are tried by officials—the policeman is tried by his "neighbour." What a revelry of tyrants will then ensue.

Our correspondent writes strongly, and we are not able to endorse all he says about the Act, but as we demonstrated some time ago, there is urgent need for its amendment.

A NICE POINT IN INSURANCE.

Our readers will remember the remarkable escape of Mr. J. G. Sawyer from drowning in the *Waratah*, owing to a dream which induced him to land at Durban instead of going on in the ill-fated vessel. Mr. Sawyer was insured with the Royal Exchange Insurance Company for £1,000 to cover the risks of the voyage, and on his return to London he called at the office and suggested that inasmuch as his dream had induced him to leave the *Waratah* at Durban and to come home in another ship, a transfer which saved his life and which also meant a considerable extra expenditure to him, the company ought to make him an allowance. It is true that he is alive and well, but his strange dream saved him, and even that might not have prevented him taking the risk of going on in the vessel if the extra passage money had been a greater consideration to him than it was. We take it that from the legal point of view Mr. Sawyer had no case, but we are not quite so sure from the point of view of equity.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Loan.—*G. B. O.*—The firm were entitled to recover the money, as they had acquired the assets of the late firm. You were not entitled to question their right if they showed their title to act as successors of the other firm.

Unregistered Moneylender.—Novex.—The business is illegal, and the loans are not enforceable unless the lender is registered. This can be done for a small fee by applying to the local Inland Revenue Office.

Maintenance of Family.—Distressed Wife.—If you become chargeable to the parish the Guardians can recover the cost of relief given to you from your husband's parents, but you have not any remedy against them, and cannot compel them to maintain you and the children.

Defence to Proceedings.—Nellie (Altrincham).—If you cannot pay a solicitor, your best course is to appear in person and do your best. The Court will help you and see that justice is done. The plaintiffs would probably not go on when they saw no prospect of getting anything.

Separation Deed.—Snapshot.—The husband having agreed to pay the rent of the house, can be compelled to continue the payments, even though the property has now become the wife's. He must fulfil his bond.

Motor Car Agreement.—Magic.—Your agreement related to the car as it stood when you returned it, and you are not liable for the cost of a new engine. He cannot charge you with this, as you did not order it.

Tenders for Work.—C. L. (Cannock).—You cannot compel the committee to give the contract to the lowest tender, but you should make it publicly known that your tender was the lowest on two occasions. Don't tender again.

Legacies.—Children (Stratford).—The children become entitled to the whole of the capital at the death of the mother. The trustees are liable to see that the money remains safely invested.

Succession Duty.—Adlington.—This duty has not been done away with, and is still payable in addition to estate duty.

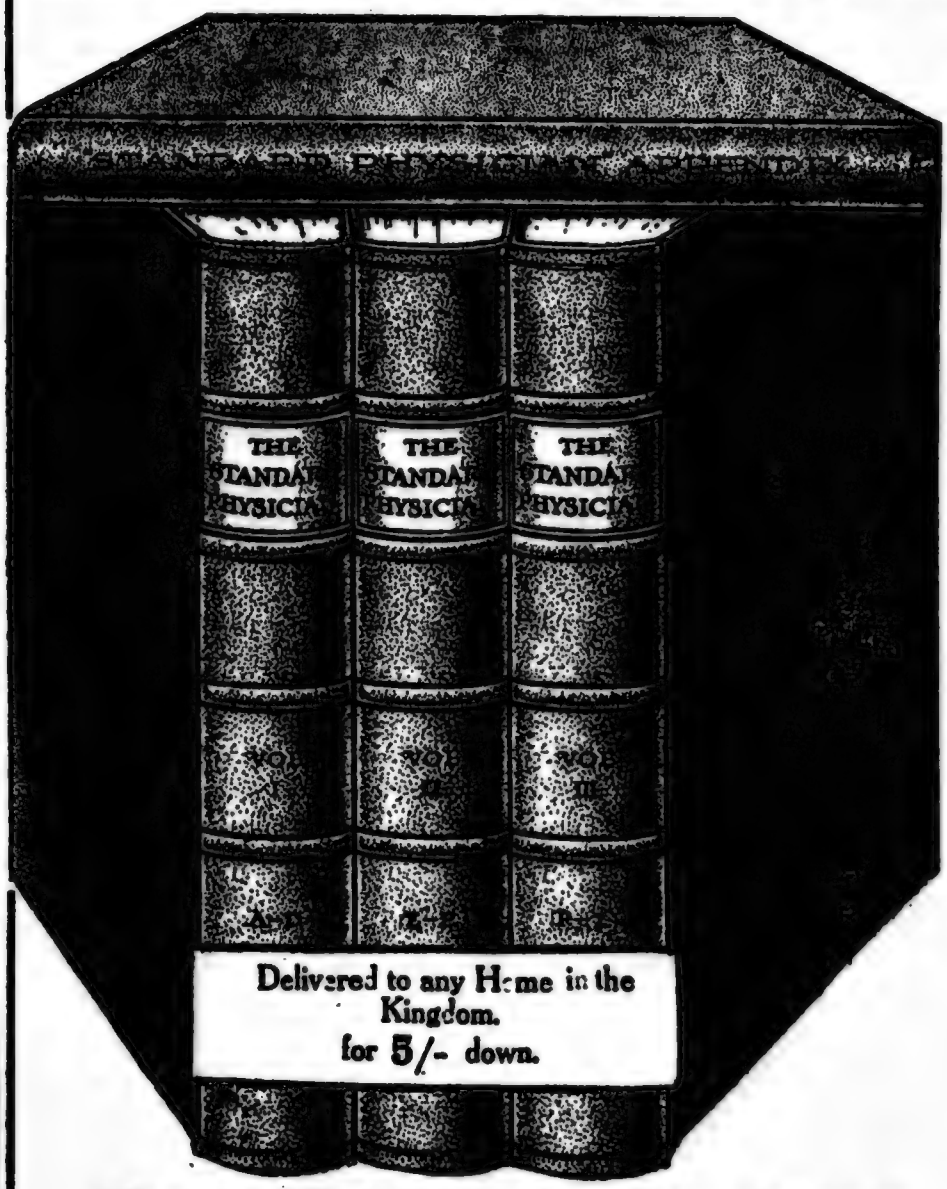
THE

Standard Physician

A Ready help in time of Sickness or Accident.

Edited by

Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., F.R.S.,
Sir William H. Broadbent, Bart., M.D.,
A. T. Schofield, M.D.,
Vice-President National Health Society,
assisted by fifty other eminent Physicians.



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(Sir) JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D.
(Sir) WM. H. BROADBENT, M.D.
A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

YOU cannot always avail yourself of the doctor's knowledge and skill. An accident occurs. An artery is severed. Before a doctor could arrive the victim might bleed to death. If you knew how to stop the bleeding, then you might save a life which would otherwise have been lost.

Or, again, someone near and dear to you is seized with sudden illness. A timely poultice or hot fomentation might give instant relief.

If you knew the elements of nursing, you could give this relief yourself; otherwise you will have to sit with your arms folded until the doctor arrives—and he may arrive too late.

Then, again, you cannot consult a doctor every time you feel just a trifle out of sorts. With a little knowledge of the functions of the human body and a few simple remedies you could put yourself right whenever required. If, on the other hand, you always called in a doctor, you would have to face a yearly bill of appalling dimensions.

Finally as regards the preventive aspect of medical science, you must rely on yourself. No man could afford to have a doctor coming regularly to his house to give lectures on sanitation, diet, exercise, ventilation, and the hundred other points which make all the difference between health and ill-health.

There are thus many overwhelming reasons why everyone nowadays should possess a certain amount of medical knowledge. Formerly doctors were unfavourable to such an idea, because popular medical books were not authoritative. With the publication of the "Standard Physician," however, all that is changed, and the medical profession are welcoming a home guide to health edited by such distinguished physicians as Sir James Crichton Browne, the late Sir William H. Broadbent, and Dr. A. T. Schofield.

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

XXXIV.—THE RT. HON. HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE.

Determined to interview Mr. Herbert Gladstone before his departure for South Africa to assume the exalted office of Governor-General, I hurried down to Littlestone-on-Sea—thinking the while, how strange that a *Gladstone* should have fixed on a *Littlestone* for his home.

I found Mr. Gladstone at "Sandycroft," busily engaged in packing for his journey.

"Does it not strike you as remarkable that you should be the first Governor-General of United South Africa?" I asked.

"I cannot say that it does," replied Mr. Gladstone; "my abilities are generally acknowledged. I consider myself to be perfectly capable of filling the responsible post with credit to myself and to my country."

"Do not misunderstand me," I hastened to say: "I am considering your appointment from another point of view. I maintain that it is an extraordinary thing that a Gladstone—of all names!—should be the first Governor-General of United South Africa."

"Hum!" grunted Mr. Gladstone.

"The name of Gladstone for more than two decades was anathema in South Africa—at least, amongst the British population. Your illustrious father's so-called surrender of British interests to the Boers in 1881 and 1884 rankled in the breasts of the colonists for years."

"My father's policy was a policy of noble conscientiousness," returned Mr. Gladstone with some asperity.

"That his sense of abstract justice at times was stronger than his patriotism I will readily grant," I responded. "By the way, I notice you were your father's Private Secretary in 1881—one of the most critical years in the history of South Africa. This fact, I fear, will not be forgotten in South Africa."

"I care not whether it be remembered or forgotten," cried Mr. Gladstone. "The times have changed. The old feud between Boer and Uitlander has died away. Boer and Briton alike have become loyal subjects of our great Empire. The Boers will receive me kindly for my father's sake. The British will not ungenerously blame me for mistakes my father may have made a generation ago."

"I trust your optimism is well founded," I replied. "Nevertheless, your position will be a somewhat difficult one. That you will labour to extinguish the last sparks of racial animosity I do not doubt. But the study of history does not encourage me to believe that the short time that has elapsed since the South African war is long enough to remove all bitterness of feeling. It would not be natural. It is not to be expected."

"Be that as it may," returned Mr. Gladstone, "that is what I shall endeavour to achieve."

"And no one wishes you success more sincerely than do the readers of JOHN BULL," I cried; "they will watch your career with critical but kindly interest. They hope your administration will be distinguished for commonsense, and that you will resolutely set your face against anything and everything in the shape of cant or humbug."

"I trust the John Bull League will not be disappointed," smiled Mr. Gladstone.

"If it be," I said, solemnly, "it will not spare you. The Age of Commonsense has dawned. The Era of Business Government is at hand. From this time forward the actions of legislators, administrators, governors, and other persons in authority will be tried with the touchstone of commonsense. He who swerves a hair's breadth from the straight course, swayed by religious or party prejudice, will be called strictly to account."

"I scarcely think it necessary for you to administer this warning to me," protested Mr. Gladstone.

"Upon that point I am not so sure," I replied. "Although your administration of the Home Office, on the whole, has been satisfactory, your action or inaction in one or two instances has shown that you are not yet quite purged of 'party,' nor altogether free from the spirit of frigid officialism. In South Africa you must rid yourself of both."

"I will endeavour to do so," Mr. Gladstone assured me, as we shook each other by the hand in farewell.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

February 1st.—MADAME CLARA BUTT.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.—*Shelley.*

February 5th.—SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

And but for these vile guns,
He *might* himself have been a soldier.—
Shakespeare.

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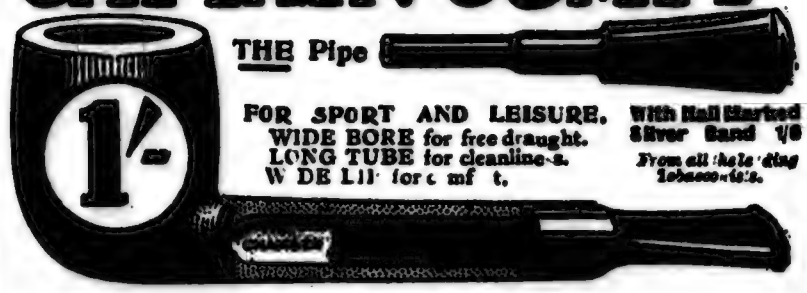

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is that we give the best advice to our Clients, and make Prompt Payments of any sums due to them We give below particulars of Four Clients' Accounts totalling over £3,500.

M.A.W.T.'s Account.

Cheque	£	s.	d.
8782	24	0	0
9785	24	0	0
9930	15	0	0
10020	15	0	0
10262	42	0	0
10658	33	5	0
11503	20	6	0
31489	18	15	0
12130	27	2	6
12190	17	10	0
11273	42	13	0
12950	15	0	0
13808	21	15	0
11551	32	10	0
14071	20	0	0
14394	40	5	0
14518	14	7	6
14810	20	0	0
14853	15	0	0
14890	26	5	0
14933	12	0	0
Total	£506	14	0

W. N. A.'s Account.

Cheque	£	s.	d.
1300	10	9	3
1478	35	0	0
2274	24	0	0
2699	20	10	0
2738	12	0	0
3057	7	1	8
3419	12	10	0
3809	55	0	0
4494	157	10	0
4568	83	15	0
4682	40	0	0
5463	100	0	0
6427	69	7	6
6506	67	10	0
6627	60	0	0
6712	67	10	0
6892	30	0	0
8217	27	10	0
8423	65	0	0
8934	8	18	0
9321	7	1	4
11952	17	15	0
Total	£978	7	9

O. M. W.'s Account.

Cheque	£	s.	d.
7968	84	0	0
8409	75	0	0
8866	24	0	0
9114	96	0	0
9365	152	0	0
10118	40	0	0
10335	116	0	0
10890	88	10	0
11308	24	0	0
12 65	104	0	0
12773	72	0	0
13138	56	0	0
13364	56	0	0
13839	24	0	0
14982	12	0	0
14498	30	0	0
14982	120	0	0
15263	16	0	0
15707	71	0	0
16015	182	0	0
168386	60	15	0
Total	£1503	5	0

S.A R.'s Account.

Cheque	£	s.	d.
c20905	6	16	4
c22212	26	5	0
677	6	0	0
833	27	10	0
403	42	10	0
1164	60	0	0
1553	16	8	10
1771	59	6	9
3129	60	0	0
7728	40	0	0
7864	14	7	6
8119	23	2	0
8610	47	10	0
8668	25	0	0
8901	107	9	2
8937	12	10	0
9070	18	15	0
9221	9	5	0
14566	11	7	0
14663	16	0	0
Total	£630	2	7

Any of the above Cheques can be seen. Enquiry costs nothing. Fill up Coupon Below and forward to us, when you will receive a large 40pp. printed Cheque List. The number of each cheque is recorded, as well as the amount paid, and in addition a Search Form is enclosed, so that any individual Cheque, or batch of Cheques, may be inspected at any time.

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Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £325,750 which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

J.B. 124.

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title)

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

.....

Please Write Distinctly

DATE.....

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

(Specially Mis-reported for "John Bull.")

By Richard Morton.

(Mr. Morton satirises recent Police Court proceedings.)

HOW NOT TO EMPLOY CHILDREN—BAD CASE.

Before Mr. Beaque, at the East-end Court, a thin, starved-looking man named Thomas Pater, giving an address at some model lodgings, was charged with exposing his two children for the purpose of soliciting alms.

Mr. Noddy, who instituted the proceedings on behalf of the Society for Preventing Charity to Children, said that he observed the man, with the children, slowly pacing along a public thoroughfare at eight o'clock at night. It was damp, miserable weather, and the children were poorly clad and ill-shod. So was the man, for the matter of that.

Police-sergeant Kopper, who arrested the prisoner, said he found ninepence on him when searched. The man said he had been out of work for months. He was miserably poor, and occupied one room, with scarcely any furniture.

Magistrate: What have you to say, Pater?

Prisoner: I have no means of getting a living, and we were starving. When I went out alone, I got into trouble for neglecting my children, but I have no wife to look after them.

Magistrate: You admit begging?

Prisoner: I did receive money.

Magistrate: Where are the children now?

Sergeant: They have been taken to the workhouse. I saw them this morning; they had been well fed, but they were crying for their daddy.

Magistrate: There is no doubt, Pater, that you used these children as a decoy for the purpose of begging. You must go to gaol for three weeks.

MORE WORK FOR CHILDREN.—SHARP FINE.

Messrs. Jobber and Jibber, cardboard-box makers, were summoned at the North Eastern Court for allowing three boys and two girls to work at their factory in excess of the hours legally permitted.

Mr. Nosey Parker, an inspector, said the boys and girls were employed for from three to six hours in excess in the course of one week.

A representative of the defendant firm admitted the offence, and pleaded it was committed in a time of great stress, when there was a lot of work to be done. The young people were anxious to stop and finish their work, and it was thought that the little bit of extra money they earned might be useful to their parents.

The Magistrate said he could see no excuse, and he objected to the exploiting of children for the sake of putting money into the purse of the parents. There would be a fine of forty shillings in each case, with three guineas costs.

MORE WORK FOR CHILDREN.—A BIG DIFFERENCE.

The West-end Court presented a very gay and animated appearance yesterday morning, and everybody, from the stipendiary to the warrant officer, was "all smiles." The reason for this general gaiety was the presence in the well of the court of a bevy of beautiful little girls and a bunch of bright and intelligent little boys. They were not prisoners. They were not brought thither to answer to a summons. They had come of their own free will to back up a smiling, learned gentleman who was to beg permission for them to appear and earn big salaries in two dramatic productions, "The Green Frog" at the Strawmarket, and "Auld Reekie and the Bogies" at Their Majesties'.

The Solicitor, in making the application, said the children would only be required to appear twice a day, at morning and evening performances, so they would only be in the theatre from one o'clock till eleven at night. They would be well looked after, and driven home if the weather was very bad. Their salaries ranged from two pounds to ten pounds a week, which would be most acceptable to their parents.

Magistrate (*to the children*): And do you think you will like this work? The children chorussed a delighted assent.

Magistrate: Very well, the licences are granted.

Electricity Prolongs Life.

STARTLING DISCOVERY IN PARIS.

The *Daily Mail* prints an interesting dispatch from Paris. It states that two doctors of that city, Professor d'Arsonval and Dr. Montier, claim to have discovered a method of prolonging life. Briefly, their theory is that the decay of the arteries, from which all death and disease spring, may be prevented and cured by an electric current.

Professor d'Arsonval has invented a machine of extremely high power, with which he has already experimented on patients—among others, M. Jean d'Orsay, who wrote in enthusiastic terms about it in the *Matin*.

M. d'Orsay describes the treatment as cleansing all the arteries and other organs, and restoring them to their original elasticity and health. "There is no longer," he states, "any essential reason why we should grow old, or even die."

This is a discovery of the utmost importance. It proves the value of electricity to the human body. It proves to every thinking and intelligent man that the day of dosing with stimulants and medicines is over. If electricity is so effective in prolonging life, why not use it as a preventive and cure for the many ills to which we are subject?

Ask yourself why you do not use electricity, and the question will be hard to answer. Think for yourself. Read the writings of the most enlightened medical men of the day—the men who are not afraid to recognise a new truth, and bold enough to put it into practice.

This is an appeal to all people who really want to improve their health. It is especially to those who have followed the old medicine methods, and who find themselves in a weakened state. You are offered a means of saturating every weakened nerve and muscle with a wonderful force of electric energy. That will cure many who have been pronounced incurable—it will cure cases of the most obstinate character—and, better than all else the cures are permanent.

Now, if you suffer from Nervousness, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus, Dance), the "Ajax" Battery is an ideal remedy. It will cure you of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gout, or backache. All stomach, kidney, liver, or bladder troubles yield to the invigorating influence of this wonderful battery as if by magic. It cures all weakness in men or women, and makes big, robust, muscular men out of pigmies. The "Ajax" Battery is a dry-cell electric generator, always charged and ready for use. It is guaranteed in every case, and cures wherever recommended.

The "Ajax" Battery is the only electric body appliance that will stand a rigid, scientific test. *Science Siftings* has bestowed upon it its certificate of merit. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the well-known electrical expert, has made an exhaustive test. He says that the results have even surpassed his initial expectations.

The strongest support for the "Ajax" Battery comes from those who have used it. Mrs. M. Housley, 13, St. Mark's Street, Peterborough, writes: "I am a new woman by the use of your battery. Life used to be a burden, now it is a pleasure." Another such report is from Mr. John Esmonde, Iveagh House, Dublin: "The battery has proved in every way a success. I am completely cured and feel better in health now than ever I did in my life." Mrs. G. S. Sauer, Haslemere, Lansdowne Place, Upper Norwood, writes: "You told me when I called you would make a different woman of me in three months' time, and you have indeed." Hundreds of such letters can be shown.

At the International Exhibition held in London, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was given the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal by the special medical section of the exhibition. The award gives special praise to the system of applying the current, as well as to the battery. This is the highest honour ever won by any electric treatment.

"Electricity—the Road to Health" is an interesting book describing the most successful treatment known to the medical world. Everyone interested in the health problem should read it. It does not cost you a penny, as anyone writing to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will receive it at once in a plain, sealed envelope free. Get it at once if you cannot call for a free test.—[Advt.]

SPRING WEIGHING MACHINES.

In our last issue we directed attention to what is known as the Dayton weighing machine, and we said that we had been informed that on balance it worked very unfairly to the buyer. We explained that on the one side, which the customer saw, it gave the weight of the article bought, and on the other, which faced the seller, it gave the price. We were shown an analysis of 352 purchases which purported to give the following results:—76 showed overweight, 71 were correct, and 205 were underweight. We said that the machines were mostly used in poor neighbourhoods, and we directed the attention of the Board of Trade to the matter.

In making it we did not suggest that there was any deliberate intention on the part of the makers of the machine to defraud the public, and we have since learned that all rights in it now belong to Messrs. Henry Pooley and Sons—a very old-established and famous firm of the highest repute. The suggestion was that the machine worked imperfectly, sometimes to the advantage of the buyer, but oftener to his loss. We have now received information which leads us to believe that we have been misled, we fear deliberately, by a representative of a competing company, and that the machine is a perfectly accurate one. We have seen the certificate of the Board of Trade, the number of which is 46 and the date July 11, 1908, which satisfies us that the machine complies with all the requirements of the official regulations under the Weights and Measures Acts.

With this certificate before us it is impossible to doubt that the documents shown to us in support of the allegations made to us—documents which purported to analyse 352 purchases—were extremely misleading. The shopkeepers using these scales, and the public whose purchases are weighed on them, need therefore have no fear that they give other than true weight.

HUMAN DOCUMENT—LXXV.

A lady sends us the following statement. It refers to what is apparently a very deserving case, and we commend it to the consideration of our readers:—

> I wish to bring to your notice the very sad case of Charles Hassell, formerly in the employ of Messrs. Whitbread, Brewers, at their Tottenham Branch. He has suffered from intermittent consumption for the past four years, and has been treated with great generosity by Messrs. Whitbread. But about eighteen months ago the disease again gained such a hold of him, and his case seemed so desperate, that his employers felt that they could do no more, and Hassell had to enter the Edmonton Infirmary, his wife obtaining a situation as a cook, and his boy (now aged 7) being sent away to a country home. Of course the home had to be sold up. At Edmonton he was put under the open air treatment, and he is now out, apparently quite cured, and fit for work. But he is without means or a home, and separated from his wife and child.
>
> Mr. Hassell does not ask for money: he asks for employment on some estate or otherwise, where his wife's services would be valued as cook or housekeeper (she is an excellent cook), and where he could get his home together again, and live with his wife and child once more.
>
> His references are excellent. He can wait at table, as some years ago he acted as steward on board ship.

Perhaps Messrs. Whitbread may make a suggestion?

We have received the following monies on behalf of the writer of Human Document No. 74:—1s. from "Thankful"; 10s. from A. J. B.; 2s. 6d. from P. S; 1s. from "Jack"; and 1s. from E. L. B.

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

Authorised Capital	£22,200,000	Paid-up Capital	£3,799,100
Subscribed Capital	£18,235,680	Reserve Fund	£3,419,190

DIRECTORS.

Sir EDWARD H. HOLDEN, Bart., Chairman and Managing Director.
The Right Hon. LORD AIREDALE, Leeds.
Sir PERCY ELLY BATES, Bart., Liverpool.
CHARLES G. BEALE, Esq., Birmingham.
ROBERT CLOVER BRAZLEY, Esq., Liverpool.
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HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Joint General Managers: J. M. MADDERS, S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE.
Secretary: E. J. MORRIS. City Manager: A. D. RUTHERFORD.

BALANCE-SHEET, 31st December, 1909.

Dr. Cr.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Capital Paid up, viz.: £12 10s. 0d. per Share on 303,928 Shares of £60 each	3,799,100 0 0	
,, Reserve Fund	3,419,190 0 0	
,, Dividend payable on 1st February, 1910	341,919 0 0	
,, Balance of Profit and Loss Account	179,740 0 3	
	7,739,949 0 3	
,, Current, Deposit and other Accounts	69,644,519 16 5	
,, Acceptances on Account of Customers	5,128,918 0 7	
	£82,513,386 17 3	

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Cash and Bullion in hand and at Bank of England	13,063,799 19 9	
,, Money at Call and at Short Notice ...	9,868,195 15 1	
		22,931,995 14 10
INVESTMENTS:		
,, Consols and other British Government Securities	3,901,252 4 2	
,, Stocks Guaranteed by British Government Indian and British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks, Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks, etc.	5,087,050 13 3	
		8,988,302 18 0
,, Bills of Exchange		6,795,327 3 9
		38,715,625 16 7
,, Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts		36,897,233 3 4
,, Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra		5,128,918 0 7
,, Bank Premises at Head Office & Branches		1,771,609 16 9
		£82,513,386 17 3

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS,
London, 8th January, 1910. Auditors.

The Bank has Branches and Sub-Branches in London, the suburbs, and throughout the country. It also has Agents in all the principal Cities of the world.

Every kind of Banking business is transacted at the Head Offices and Branches.

Bills, Annuities, Coupons and Dividends are collected in all parts of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and in Foreign Countries.

Purchase and Sale of Stocks and Funds are effected.

For the convenience of Customers, monies can be paid in at any of the Branches and advised the same day to their own account.

Strong Rooms are provided for the security of Deeds and other property lodged by the Customers of the Bank.

Every Officer of the Bank is pledged by a signed Declaration to secrecy as to the business affairs of the Bank and its Customers.

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Telegraphic Address—"Cinnaforex, London."
Telephone—2481 London Wall.

ISSUES Currency Drafts on all Cities, Circular Letters of Credit and Circular Notes payable all over the world; also makes Mail and Telegraphic Transfers to all Cities.

COLLECTS Foreign Bills

PURCHASES approved Foreign Bills.

ESTABLISHES Commercial Credits on behalf of Customers available anywhere against the usual shipping documents.

Drafts, etc., may be obtained direct from the Head Office or Branches, which are always ready to give quotations.

THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

Telegraphic Address—"Cinnaship, London."
Telephone—2481 London Wall.

Is specially organised to look after Shipowners' Freight Remittances from, and Disbursements to, all parts of the World by mail or cable.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Drapery War.

Even the French fashion-rulers are sounding a weaker and weaker note with regard to the question of skirt drapery, and once more a victory may be attributed to the artistic sanity of the average woman. She has won her long straight lines and simple frocks by a whole autumn's tactics of steady obstinacy. She simply wouldn't be loaded with yards of unnecessary material just because a voice from Paris told her she must, with the result that she emerges triumphant in one of the most graceful periods feminine dress has ever known. The thunderers from over the Channel are now threatening full skirts closely gathered from the waistband, and long, pointed bodices, of the stomacher order. We shall see.

Local Morals.

I wonder, have those very courageous beings, the members of the Library Committees who are going to decide what we may and may not read, ever considered one important fact likely to face them—namely, the very local nature of propriety? I am not joking. It seems to me to be really insuperable from a subscription library's point of view. I mean, of course, the very obvious fact that you may see and say and do and read things in one district of London, even, that it would be social death to indulge in in another. Every woman knows that a hat suitable for a smart restaurant lunch would mark her out as practically unnameable in some of the northern suburbs, and hats are only typical of everything else. There are whole places in London, full of reasonably well-to-do people, where you may not make a joke, and where you allude to a theatre in peril of your life (social). There are others where if you are not constantly doing both these things, you are banned as a prude. Again, women, who are the principal novel readers, have quite different ideas from men as to what is proper and what is not. I know one who is not shocked at the most advanced problem novel, but who considers Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" unreadable and unspeakable—because, I suppose, it is outspoken.

A Man's Delusion.

It is surely easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for the average man to pierce through the cloud of his immemorial delusions about women. Last week I again listened to the ancient masculine dogma that women only talk to one another about dress. It was uttered *ex cathedra* by a gentleman who, being my host, had a certain right to harangue his circle of female listeners. This he did, and what did he elicit in reply? Nothing but a smile, a slow, enigmatical smile that went creeping round the ring of feminine faces and one person cleared her throat. That was all. But the amazing freemasonry of woman was therein absolutely expressed. Also, in that smile, the proposition was again silently answered as it has been answered down the ages. If I were asked by an archangel—I won't suggest a man, because he says he knows—what all girls and women talk about, and talk about incessantly when they are by themselves, I would answer simply, "the Humanities." Whatever their superficial subject be, it always covers that real intent. Let any woman cast her thoughts back to those conversations she has recently had with others of her sex, and no men by—say after dinner in the drawing-room, at her own tea-parties, or brushing her hair with a friend, or in a woman's club *tete-à-tete*. Weren't they all either about men—in their emotional aspect—or about other women and men and their conduct on given occasions? Or about children and what to do with them and how to bring them up; or about crime, or religion, or social wars, or personal annoyances, or big parties given by rivals, or criticisms of each other's love-stories, the whole danced round and played upon by the subtle light of the quaintest and most human philosophy?

The Whiskered Despot.

Most women who ever do talk about dress to one another do it rarely, or else with the paltry motive of "getting at" one another's prevailing garments. Whenever I do hear a woman open up the question of coming fashions, I prepare for war, unless she is someone known to be honest in this respect, and on those terms of acquaintance as to render it safe to let her have her way. Such prefaces usually lead on to a sudden shot of deprecation, sometimes a fore-front attack, such as "And, of course, *miroir* velvet has quite gone out, except in the provinces"—you, of course, are wearing *miroir* velvet at the time. But these female cads are rare, and, on the whole, are rather easily withered. What I am amused at is that women who are solely absorbed in the humanities, and, preferably, the emotional humanities, go on from age to age letting men tell them to their faces that they only talk about dress and cooking. As a matter of fact the Victorian man is not really Victorian at all; he is an eternal type, and he lives as securely and lectures his females as pompously to-day as ever he did in the mud and cow-hide huts of ancient Britain, or heavily whiskered and surrounded by the mahogany and horse-hair of his nineteenth-century abode. And the secret of it all lies in the fact that that is all he *wans* them to talk about. He is mortally terrified of anything else.

EVERY READER OF "JOHN BULL"

Will possess a treasured photograph of a dear relation or friend which, if enlarged suitably, would become still more valuable as a permanent memento, and would make an acceptable gift. Much of the character which exists in the small original photo is lost to the eye, and it is wonderful how this comes out when enlarged, and the likeness thus becomes startling because it is almost to the life. One hesitates before ordering an enlargement, because of the expense, but all THAT is done away with by our process, which places a handsome portrait within the reach of all. In order to prove this, we,

THE ELECTROPHOT COMPANY OF LONDON,

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WHY WE DO IT.

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BECAUSE we want to show you how life-like they are.

BECAUSE we want to please you so much that you will show the Sample to your friends.

BECAUSE when they see it, your Friends will be as pleased as you are.

BECAUSE your Friends will order Enlargements when they learn how cheap they are.

BECAUSE through your and their recommendations our trade will increase.

WHAT WE OFFER

SIZE: 18 ins. by 14 ins. (a Bust Picture will therefore be nearly life-size). This size is that of the Picture itself without any mount.

CORRECT LIKENESS: Absolutely guaranteed.

TIME OF DELIVERY: In ten to fourteen days after receipt of Photo and Remittance.

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AS EVIDENCE OF OUR BONA-FIDES.

The British Journal of Photography, after inspecting our establishment at our request, writes:—

"We have pleasure in stating that our visit proved to us that the Company carry on a satisfactory and bona-fide business. So many fraudulent methods being practised in the so-called 'free enlargement' trade, it is right that we state that our visit of investigation, paid at a few minutes' notice, showed that the Electrophot Company is not to be classed with firms practising the various forms of the 'free portrait' trick, and we regret that we should have fallen into the error of attributing a character of this kind to the Company. We inspected a large number of the 18 by 14 enlargements, which the firm is at present offering for the sum of 1/3. They represented a very creditable standard of enlarged portraits of this size made from a 'copy' negative. We were allowed to inspect their files, and found hundreds of unsolicited testimonials respecting portraits supplied, and saw for ourselves that expressions of satisfaction were forthcoming from many classes of purchasers. We also inspected the studios and workrooms of the Company, and saw that the technical part of the business was efficiently carried out on their own premises by their own staff."

Extract from *The British Journal of Photography*, September 10th, 1909.

During the last few months we have received from gratified customers

OVER 5,000 UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

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RETURN YOUR MONEY IF WE ARE UNABLE TO PLEASE.

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All you have to do is to send us the best photos you have of yourself or of a friend or friends (remembering that the better the photos the better will be the resulting enlarged portraits), together with 1/3 for each photo sent. Please say specially if a bust picture is required, otherwise the enlargement will be made like the original. Do not forget to

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COUPON *for* John Bull.

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I herewith send you ..... photo(s) to be enlarged on the terms of your offer, on condition that by so doing I do not incur any liability of any kind whatever. I also enclose.....in payment for same at 1/3 each.

Name .....

Address .....

B. 3.

For safety, all P.O.'s should be made payable to the "Electrophot Co." and crossed London County and Westminster Bank, King's Cross Branch.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

Probably the best criticism which could be given of Robert Louis Stevenson's "creepy" work, came all unconsciously from the lips of H. B. Irving himself, who in response to the shouts of "Speech, speech, speech!" from the friendly first-night audience, expressed the hope that justice had been done in the new version of Stevenson's "wonderful *story*."

"Wonderful *story*" it may certainly be, but is its psychological problem particularly suitable for stage purposes? We all know, only too well, that good and bad lurk within us, but do we want to see the *Evil Spirit* become the *Conqueror*? Do we desire to think that love "blind" to every defect in a husband can be of no avail to stay the demon's power, that the devil's will, once it has tempted you, is like a glass of brandy placed to the soddened mouth of the inveterate drunkard—impossible to resist, and that at last the hideous skin or "Hyde" as Mr. Stevenson has ingeniously named it, piece by piece, completely envelops the white intellectual face and shapely form of Dr. Jekyll until he becomes transformed beyond recognition, and stands before us a beast, a demoniacal, deformed wretch, who jibbers, and shrieks and jumps about as if in search of some victim into whose flesh he would fix his venomous fangs?

Nobody can deny that Mr. H. B. Irving gives an extraordinary performance as Dr. Jekyll and the horrible monster Hyde, but then Richard Mansfield did exactly the same before him at the old Lyceum Theatre, and never shall I forget my feeling of horror when I first saw Mansfield as "Hyde" outside the window. I almost screamed with fear. I can see it even now, the most shapeless, awful crime-eaten mass you can possibly imagine, and yet the outline suggested a face.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr has done all in his power to create fresh interest in Robert Louis Stevenson's unpalatable tale, so he introduces the adoring but blind wife to us, and makes Jekyll have a "part" with the wife of Sir Danvers Carew, instead of only being in love with the daughter of General Carew as he was in Mansfield's first production of this gruesome drama.

It is always an invidious task to follow in the footsteps of another's success, but H. B. Irving comes through the fire unsinged, and if you don't leave the Queen's Theatre feeling exactly hilarious, at all events you cannot fail to appreciate the firm dramatic grip with which Mr. Irving holds his audience from the beginning to the end of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," even though the subject of the play is a gloomy and ghastly one.

"CHANTECLER."

I wonder if by the time this appears in print "Chantecler" will really have been produced? It has been postponed so many times during the last few years that I should not be surprised to hear that Paris is again fluttering on the tail of M. le Coq.

And with the cackling of "Chantecler" in all the air, naturally Edmond Rostand, the author, again becomes the most talked of man in France.

His first big success came in 1895—he was only 27 years of age—with the production of "La Princesse Lointaine," when Sarah Bernhardt played the title-role at the Theatre de la Renaissance in Paris, but it was not until two years later that he achieved the greatest triumph of his career with "Cryano de Bergerac" at the Porte St. Martin, which stamped him as France's leading playwright. Rostand has the distinction of being the youngest member of the French Academy, having been elected as one of the "immortals" in 1903 owing to the death of Henri de Bornier, whose vacant position he filled. I remember how desperately anxious Rostand was to deliver his maiden speech—when he was received as one of the "chosen forty"—in verse; but, alas, he was doomed to disappointment, for it is against the tradition of the famous *Institut*, so poor Edmond had to stand up and "say his little say" in prose.

Talking of "Chantecler," I am delighted to read in the Green Room Book of 1908 that this "feathery" play *was produced by the late Constant Coquelin as far back as 1906 at the Theatre de la Gaite in Paris.* We live and learn, don't we?

THE STRAND THEATRE.

This beautiful playhouse is to re-open on the 10th instant under the management of Mr. Robert Hilton, an actor who has been touring successfully in the English provinces and in Berlin for some time. Miss Mabilia Daniell will also make her first appearance in the Strand playhouse as Pierrot in a one-act comedy by Miss Aimée Lowther, entitled "The Dream Flower," preceding Lytton's magnificent drama "Richelieu," in which Mr. Hilton will be seen in the character of the "geranium-robed cardinal." I wonder if he will make him the fascinating, handsome and insidious personality who not alone captured the heart of Anne of Austria, but whose *amours* were so innumerable, or will he make him the heavy, crafty old villain he is generally supposed to be in this country?

TO INVESTORS.

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RECORDER the same, but fuller flavoured.

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R. J. LEA, MANCHESTER.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Haven't the Unionists got a good deal of "change" out of the Liberals?
Wouldn't "Low" Wycombe be more appropriate?
Will the "exception" prove the Home Rule?
Won't Victor Grayson change his Christian name now?
Is "The Demon Lover"—Hall Caine's new play—a pantomime?
Was Lady Constance Lytton released from gaol for a "weak" or "faint" heart?
Hasn't "Dam it," been a popular Parisian expression lately?
Is "Captain Kidd" an election play?
Won't "Home Rule for England" soon be the cry?
Why is the House of Lords being "done up" instead of "done for"?
Did our cricketers go to South Africa for an "outing"?

The Censor has forbidden the production of "Salome" at Covent Garden. A pill for Mr. Beecham.

The new American tariff puts a duty of 50 per cent. on "fancy or perfumed" soap. Soft soap gets in free.

"The oratory of women is often irresistible," says Judge Willis. Does he mean there is no stopping it?

There was no crime in Kidderminster for a fortnight previous to the election. Then it returned a Tariff Reformer.

"The Plumbers" has recently been produced on the stage. Is it a stop-gap?

A Mr. Dorabji Jamsetjee Tata has been knighted. We trust it will not mean "ta-ta" to his old friends.

"Rutherford Again" was a Brentford election poster. But he was a loss.

Cook is stated to have made nearly £30,000 out of his North Pole hoax. He has been "doing" well.

"If a man gets on the road for a number of weeks he is lost," says Mr. Robert Waite. He can't "get on or get out."

At Whitechapel County Court it was stated that 5½d. is paid for making trousers. If the garments were only as well cut as the price!

Mr. Lloyd George has discarded his hyphen, the *Express* tells us. There will be high fun over this.

Lord Northcliffe says that the *Daily Mail* is but a small part of his life. His duties in the House of Lords, no doubt, take up much of his time.

The Christian Scientist who stated that a broken leg could be healed by prayer has some justification; prayer is a kneeling process.

A Chelmsford club has a tariff of fines for snuff-takers. They pay through the nose.

"Don't marry a saint," says Stanley Hyatt. No fear.

A lady of title has gone on the music-hall stage. It is usually the other way about.

To become a Yogi, it appears, one must visit 49 Hindu shrines, a journey of 14,000 miles. This is going too far.

"I have been in Portugal, and there peasant women were wearing as many as 20 petticoats," said the City coroner recently. How did he know?

"Candidate's Car Wrecked," we read. Many of them have also had their apple-carts upset.

The institution of sandwich girls is announced. They may describe themselves as "walking on" in connection with "the boards."

The Shoreditch bride who bought the home and paid the honeymoon expenses was certainly entitled to speak of her dear husband.

"Safe Robbery," reads a headline. But the thieves didn't find it so.

"Women are more untruthful than men," says the *World*. What has *His Wife* to say about this?

Twin girls found in a basket at Ostend. Rare-bits?

A husband talking in his sleep was the cause of a recent divorce case. An eye-opener.

We read that art dealing was brought almost to a standstill during the election. Yet thousands were canvassed.

The heading in *Home Chat*:—
If You Want To Be Liked
LI.
sounds bad advice, till you understand the Roman numerals.

A blessing that the fire at Messrs. Evans' was not a kill-burn.

A little girl swallowed a farthing, which was extracted with difficulty. A near thing.

Heading: Covent Garden Riot. Flowers of speech were plentiful.

Are the Nonconformists pleased because Mr. Horne beat a Churchman at Ipswich?

We hope the Bank established for the supply of radium will issue many checks on cancer.

It is QUALITY, not *price*, which shows what a collar is worth: price alone means nothing. • •

In our booklet we demonstrate how

Summit COLLARS

form a standard of value. 'Summit' quality means—fabrics *shrunk* before cutting: *permanently* accurate fitting: uncommon ability to *resist* wear: quarter-sizes: faultless shapes, and a popular price. • The booklet is fully illustrated and tells you some things you ought to know about collars. ¶ Put your address on a postcard and we'll send you a copy. • •

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SAMPLES 6½D EACH.

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That is why Makers of low-grade Cycles often stick a Metal Case on to one of their cheap machines, and having doubled its List Price, call it their "High Grade" Model.
The Agent is next tempted by an enormous Profit to push this Imitation off upon bona-fide enquirers after Sunbeams. When he succeeds, the third stage in the history of the "Big Profit" bicycle is here illustrated.
The new 1910 Sunbeam Catalogue, sent free by post by J. Marston, Ltd.,—21, Sunbeamland,—Wolverhampton, shows that the Sunbeam is designed and built under different conditions to any other Bicycle in the World.
There are no "Just as Goods"—they are not Possible.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

OUR BUSINESS GOVERNMENT COMPETITION.—A fresh scrutiny is being made to check a few outstanding cases in which it is claimed that at least six correct predictions were sent in. Will readers interested kindly note?

"HOPEFUL" (Liverpool).—We would gladly take up your cause, but you omitted your name and address.

A. S. W. (Sale) has written to the agents for many Colonies, but only one answered. He wants to know what happens to the stamps enclosed for replies. No doubt they are expended on British cigars and Australian wines.

"JOHN WELL-BRED" (Croydon).—We agree that the Labour party are inconsistent in demanding protection against native blacklegs and not against foreign ones. But we don't believe foreign pencils are dearer. If so, what would be the object in using them?

S. R (Sheffield) sent 1s. 6d. to Gerrard (29, Nelgarde Road, Catford) in answer to an advertisement: "Ladies wanted to cut paper patterns, good remuneration offered." In reply, she received some paper not worth 3d., and her work was returned with an intimation that it was not satisfactory, but the paper was such as no one could possibly cut properly.

A. G. (London) points out that Sir Hiram Maxim wrote in one of the magazines offering the numbers which came up at the roulette during his contest with Lord Rosslyn, but that applicants are passed on to someone who will only supply the numbers on payment of a guinea. Perhaps there is some mistake. What says Sir Hiram?

"LIVE AND LET LIVE" (Portsmouth) thinks the genuine unemployed ought to be employed as polling clerks at General Elections. Given suitable men, we agree.

L. M. E. (Birmingham) received a bracelet and a typewritten letter from the West End Jewellery Company (59 and 61, New Bond Street), asking for a P.O. for 1s. 11d. or the return of the bracelet within seven days. As they enclosed a stamp for postage, we do not see why the trinket should not be returned. But our correspondent can probably amuse herself by giving the firm a good deal of trouble. Why should she be expected to pack up and dispatch an article which she had no desire to receive?

"BISHOP OF LITTLE ILFORD" (Manor Park).—Why not give us the "facts" about the Vicar of Little Canfield?

C. C. (Maidenhead) says that a friend of his sent Cray, Stewart and Co. (25, Milton Street, E.C.) 3s. 8d., expecting to get some goods and then pay the balance of the cost—as was suggested by the specious wording of their advertisement. In reply he, of course, got the usual printed card that the goods were not despatched until the total amount had been paid. We should advise him, as he cannot get his deposit returned, to sue the firm for the amount.

MISS S.—Your complaints as to the petty tyrannies to which the telephone girl has to submit at the hands of the National Telephone Company are carefully noted.

G. A. P. (Croydon).—It seems unequal, certainly. But in one case there were no previous convictions; in the other, the man was an "habitual," apparently.

AN IDEAL TONIC

. FOR THE .

STOMACH AND LIVER.

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, your bowels costive, and you awake in the morning fagged and worn-out, with no relish for breakfast and dreading your work.—When you feel done-up and good-for-nothing, have no appetite, no energy, no interest or ambition, your stomach and liver need help, and need it sorely. Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping your vitality. You need the digestive tonic—

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure you. It will clear your head and clean your tongue, renew your appetite, stimulate the action of your stomach and liver, regulate your bowels, make food nourish you, and give you new strength, new energy, new life. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal.

CURES INDIGESTION

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Student A. B. BISHOP writes:—

"I again testify to the value of the instruction I have received from you. There are, I believe, not many students who can say that in a few months they have been appointed MANAGER to the firm with whom they were engaged. The encouragement I have received from your Leicester Branch is most praiseworthy. Let others do the same, whatever their trade."

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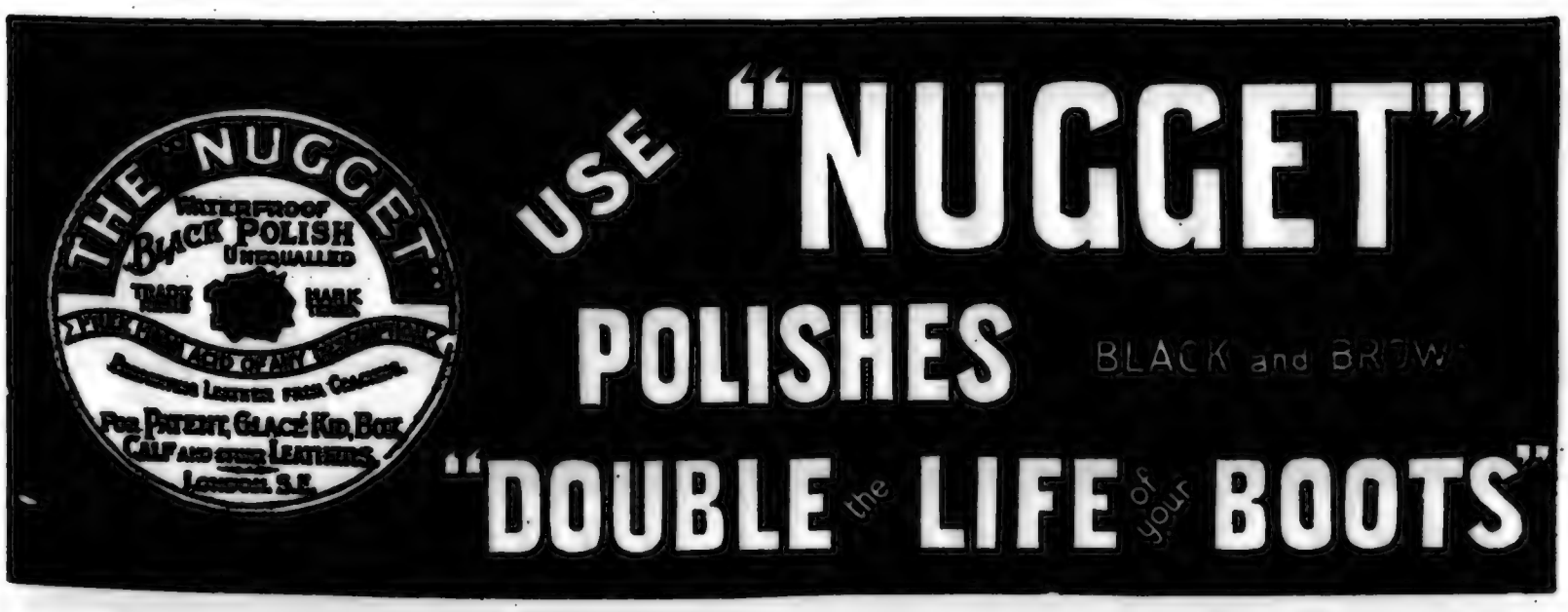

E. J. (Loughton) denies that excessive sentences are given to the "harmless kind of Suffragettes," and points out that the "harmless ones" do not bring themselves within the clutches of the law. She also protests against women being cleared out of Court when Suffragettes are tried. We do not consider this a great grievance, but we agree that it sounds unfair to prevent a prisoner from mentioning her motives, and at the same time to allow a prosecuting counsel to read a report of an interview, in which she stated her aims and intentions in a way likely to prejudice her case.

"Fata Obstanta" (Chorlton-cum-Hardy) wants to revive the Inquisition in favour of Pigott, and says that he would have been lynched in America.

A Sympathiser (Blyth).—In the face of the conflicting evidence of the doctors, we should not like to say whether the man who fell down the hold would "sham" for 15s. a week, but this is a queer world, and all things are possible. Don't think he would profit by reopening the case.

L. T. (Shrewsbury) is interested in a lady whom he believes to be a suitable candidate for the Whittington Pension, but he does not know what steps are necessary to procure it. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to enlighten him?

H. E. R. (Blackpool) says that when he lived in Birmingham he bought a box of matches on which a label bore the inscription "Encourage British Labour." He had the curiosity, however, to take the label off and underneath discovered the words "Made in Germany"! Perhaps it was before the passing of the Merchandise Marks Act.

L. E. B. (Edgbaston).—Always glad to hear of or see friends from your part of the world.

F. S. (Stoke Newington) complains that a schoolmistress sealed the lips of two children with sticking-plaster and tied their hands behind them because they were talking. She must have been in a wax when she applied the seal.

B. L. B. (Highbury) asks why a section of the press is called yellow. We suppose the allusion is to the yellow peril or the yellow fever or the habit of yelling. Nothing to do with the cover.

"Constant Reader" (Birmingham).—Your letter is libellous as well as anonymous.

W. E. R. (London, E.C.) found us sold out at eleven newspaper-shops one Thursday evening. He must get up with the early worm next week.

R. S. (Bury St. Edmunds) tries to convert us to Protection, but we remain impenitent, though his compliments are alluring.

A. O. (Guildford).—Who took whose hook?

E. B. (Plymouth) enquires about the local branch of the "International College of Music," whose headquarters are at 230, Edgware Road.

J. McL. (Govan) sends us his portrait and offers to fight various pugilists. He has designed an airship, and painted a picture 7 ft. by 4 ft. 6 ins. Evidently a versatile man.

W. E. W. (Hull).—Whew!

"A Father" (Hove) writes: "If Acts of Parliament are needed to bring up a child in the way it should go, then the British father and mother must have fallen very low indeed."

E. K. (Glasgow).—Until we know more about the company, we can't say whether 30s. a week is a good or bad salary for the Secretary.

"Disgusted" (Harringay) says there are German clerks in the War Office, and in most secret departments.

W. M. J. (Surbiton).—We hear good accounts of the Ladies' League, but dont know the Ladies' Guild, though it sounds all right.

J. H. T. (Llwynbrwydran) sends compliments to "good old Jim Crow" and wants him to go for people who growl at our competitions.

"Common Sense and Justice."—We certainly disapprove of too much municipal trading.

G. P. C. (Victoria Falls) asks for the name of our agent in his neighbourhood. His initials are G.P.C.

H. B. (Brighton).—We do not quite follow the child's argument that "if we kept a pig, you would not have to buy any more milk." It would depend on the sex of the pig, wouldn't it?

H. T. H. complains of firms which prevent employés from joining the Territorials.

"Disgusted" says C.C. school-children are to be sent home because their hair does not curl. That sounds a bit thick.

F. C. R. (Cardiff).—No doubt, aviators need have no truck with trucks. Anyhow, the fact that the notice was upside down did not prevent you from reading it. Did you lie flat on your back?

C1423 (Wormwood Scrubbs) invites Jim Crow to bring Asquith and a Government grant and split a Lloyd George. But Jim splits nothing smaller than a Jeroboam.

"Artillerist" (Gibraltar).—Our "office kid" never pinches stamps out of the waste-paper basket. Did you think we threw them away?

W. H. R. (Kingsland Road).—It is difficult for us to go into all those local details, but we deeply sympathise with the poor and the oppressed.

"Hab" (Chatham).—We are always glad to investigate any grievance.

W. W. (Morriston) writes: "As I am a subscriber of your paper will you please answer me one question, viz., I was sworn in as special *constable* when the *Fenian Riots* were on, and if I did not turn up I would be fined £20. Am I entitled to payment?" What for?

E. W. (Ealing) and Others.—In order to wind up the Guinea scheme, all the then outstanding successful numbers (*i.e.*, in respect of the issues dated 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th December) were announced on January 1st. As will be seen from another page, a new number scheme has, however, been adopted, wherein the remuneration to the canvassers is increased to *two* guineas.

T. R. (Hamilton).—In consequence of complaints already received regarding Messrs. W. and A. Dow, Flushing, we have withdrawn their advertisement.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home.

Practically all bedsteads are manufactured in Birmingham. From this city they are sent to furniture dealers everywhere for retail sale, involving heavy distributing expenses; for instance, from Birmingham to London, and from London Dealer to Purchaser, expenses in carriage, packing, handling, storage, and delivery amount to as much as 20 per cent. of the value of an iron bedstead. Buyers may save most of these expenses and avoid risks of injury by double handling, etc., by purchasing direct from me—all goods being sent direct from Works in a perfectly new condition.

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if you treat them carefully and have them cleaned from time to time by the Achille Serre process.

It is a process which removes all stains—and dirt—whether visible or not—and restores the original shapes of the garments.

It does not injure the material—it only takes a few days and the cost is trifling. Our charge for cleaning and pressing a suit is only 3/9.

Write to-day for a copy of our booklet "Clothes and the Man" and address of nearest branch or Agency.

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THE VILLIERS 2-SPEED
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We miss many good things because w do not investigate them. Here you have a unique opportunity of bringing your old Bicycle up to date.

After several years of Speed Gears there begins to be a general agreement that—

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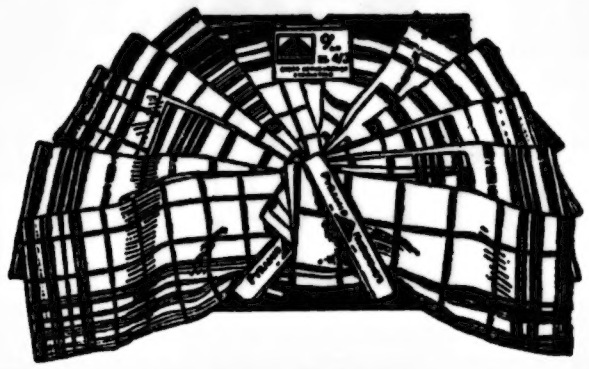
You can get them fitted to your existing Bicycle for a guinea.

Write The Villiers Co., Blakenhall, Wolverhampton, for full details, and say who is your local repairer.

FOR MEN OF TASTE



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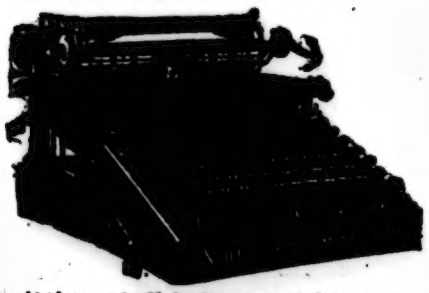

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Blended from the finest leaf procurable.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lofinga
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

An Excuse.

"Don't know the way," is what is said just now of some of the jockeys, riding in maiden steeplechases, horses that are, in accordance with the official edict, *not* being "publicly schooled."

Prophetic.

Sandown, of course, yields a good programme in which Nightingall's stable should be prominent. For instance,

Simonson,

despite having his invariable 12st. 7lbs., will take beating for the Grand Prize, and I can pick *nothing* to be the means of his downfall. His companions, Kolo, in the Mole Handicap, and especially

Greator,

for the Cardinal's Hurdle Handicap, must be thereabouts. It should be proved policy to have held Tiptree Heath over from Kempton, for Esher, in the Village Selling Plate, and there is nothing to beat either See See in the Newbury Plate, or our old enemy,

Butter Ball,

in their respective somewhat minor engagements. Saturday's big steeplechase will be the most interesting event of the week, spectacularly, and whoever can hold

Shady Girl—

an inveterate performer here—*will* have its number put up.

NEW ZEALAND AND THE ARMY.

A young New Zealand giant of 5ft. 11in. and corresponding girth, called on us last Saturday to make a complaint. He came over from New Zealand with the intention of joining the Army, and he took a letter with him to the War Office from the Agent-General testifying to character, etc. To his surprise, he has now received a communication from the Agent-General informing him that he cannot be allowed to join the Army owing to "defective teeth." Some of his back teeth, in the lower jaw, are past mending. He is keen for the Service, strong as a lion, wears the South African medal with two clasps, could take an average recruit in each hand and knock their heads together, but he may not join the Army because some of his back teeth are defective! It seems odd.

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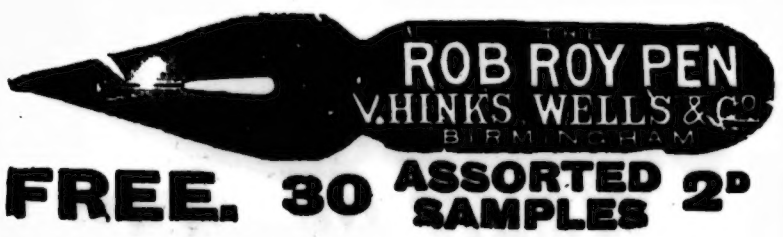

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